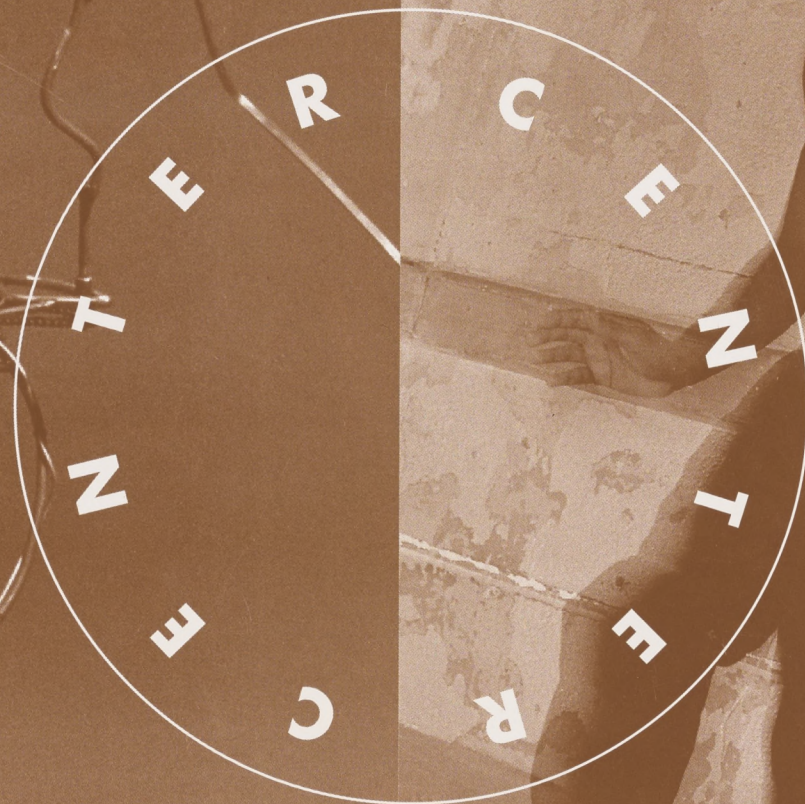


H E A D L A N D S

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F O R T H E A R T S

A R T I S T S

1994 ARTISTS IN RESIDENCE

California/Bay Area

Remy Charlip Sara Felder

Lisa Glatt Ulysses Jenkins Roland Johnson Chico MacMurtrie Maria Porges Valerie Soe

Susan Stone Victor Mario Zaballa **National** Daniel Adams, North Carolina Philip Brady,

Ohio Cheryl Dunye, Philadelphia Gilda Edwards, Ohio Jeff Goll, North Carolina Ed Myers,

Ohio Tanure Ojaide, North Carolina Pedro Ospina, Philadelphia Cynthia Porter,

Philadelphia Elise Sanford, Ohio **International** Ola Åstrand, Sweden María Eva Avilés,


Mexico Roberto Fernández Iglesias, Mexico Annica Karlsson-Rixon, Sweden Martin Mainer,

Czech Republic Galina Manikova, Norway Rock Shih, Taiwan Moisés Ortiz Urquidi, Mexico

Lila Wallace - Reader's Digest - International Artists Program Clara (Kitty) Couch, North

Carolina **Invited National** Simon Ortiz, Arizona Guillermo Gómez-Peña, California

Bob Wisdom, California



Headlands Center for the Arts is a laboratory for creativity, providing artists and scholars a place to experiment, collaborate and develop new work in a diverse community of thinkers. Headlands hosts over 30 residencies each year, providing artists in all disciplines from the Bay Area, the United States and around the world with time and space for open-ended research. The Center presents readings, talks and performances that further pursue its mission to investigate the interdependence between human and natural systems across cultures and professional disciplines. Working in partnership with the Golden Gate National Recreation Area and the U.S. National Park Service, Headlands Center for the Arts is engaged in the gradual renovation of 8 historic former army buildings built at the turn of the century. The buildings are located on 13,000 acres of coastal open space in the Marin Headlands at the northern entrance to the San Francisco Bay and are ideally situated to house reflective discourse in close proximity to one of the major metropolitan areas in the United States.

H e a d l a n d s C e n t e r f o r t h e A r t s

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C O N T E N T S

Introduction	Jennifer Dowley	2
Preface	Donna Graves	3
Editors' Statement	The City And Its Limits Juliet Flower MacCannell, Mark Bartlett	3
	On Urban Visions and Collaborative Interventions Lydia Matthews, Acting Program Director	4
	Ed Myers, Artist-in-Residence, Ohio	5
	Victor Mario Zaballa, Artist-in-Residence, Bay Area	6

I : C O M I N G T O O U R S E N S E S

Flesh and Stone: The Body in Urban Space	9
Remy Charlip, Alonzo King, Richard Sennett	
Remy Charlip, Artist-in-Residence, Bay Area	10
María Eva Avilés, Artist-in-Residence, Mexico	12
Cheryl Dunye, Artist-in-Residence, Philadelphia	13
Urban Peacemaking Projects	14
Nane Alejandre, Joseph Marshall & Margaret Norris, Jordan Simmons & Redge Green	
Tanure Ojaide, Artist-in-Residence, North Carolina	15
Galina Manikova, Artist-in-Residence, Norway	16
Ola Åstrand, Artist-in-Residence, Sweden	17

II : U N D E R L Y I N G F O U N D A T I O N S / F U N D A M E N T S

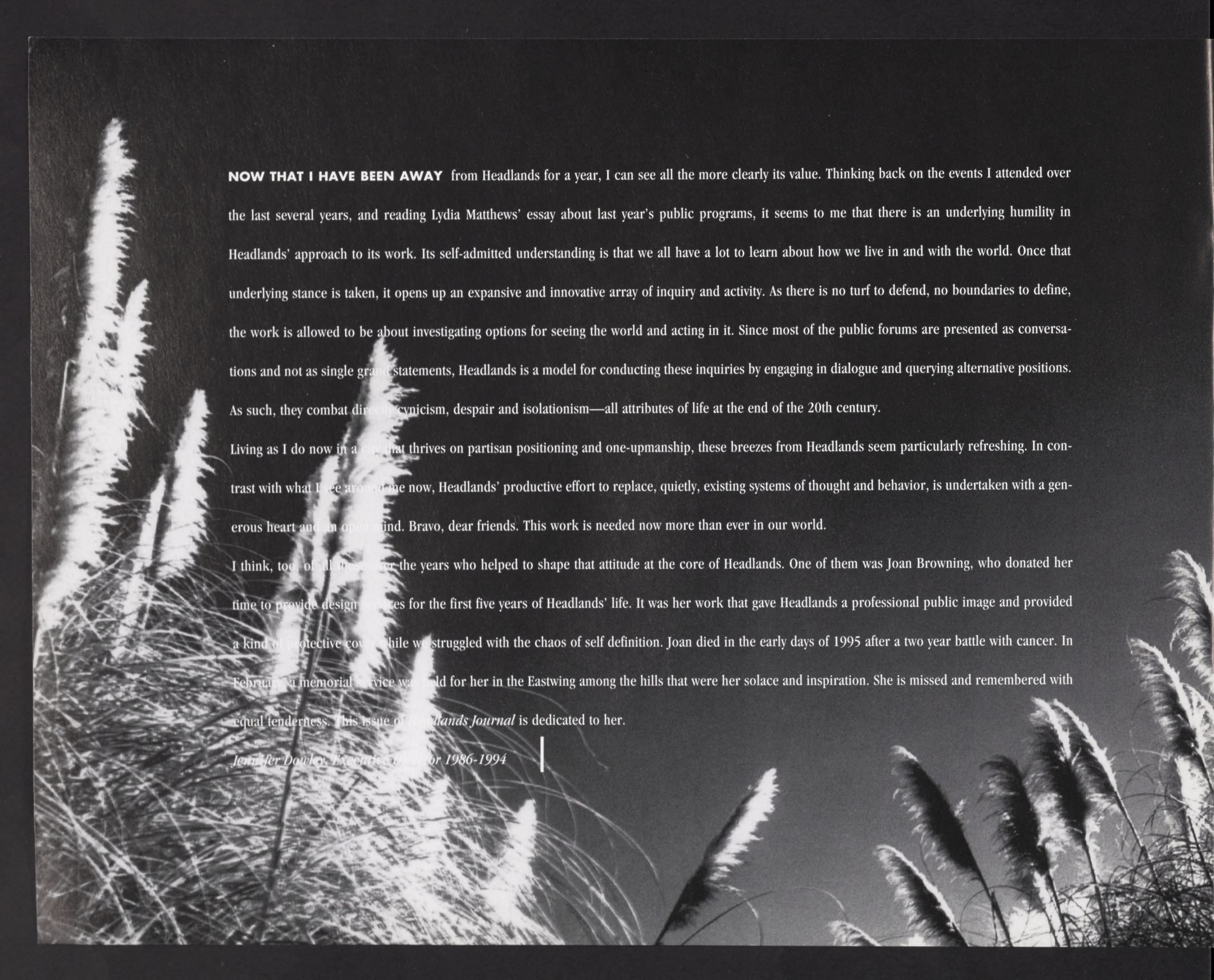
Re-Forming Cities	18
Catherine Brown & William Morrish, Dan Tuttle	
Jeff Goll, Artist-in-Residence, North Carolina	19
Cynthia Porter, Artist-in-Residence, Philadelphia	20
Annica Karlsson-Rixon, Artist-in-Residence, Sweden	21
A Ceremony of Spiritual Transformation	22
Jose Alarcón, Guillermo Gómez-Peña, Ernesto Sánchez, Young and Gifted Children's Choir	
Headlands Performances	23
René Yañez, Acting Performance Curator	
Guillermo Gómez-Peña, Artist-in-Residence, Invited National	23
The Idea of Risk	23
Lois Anderson, Wayne Corbitt, Charlie Craddock, Kevin Gottesman, Gustavo Hidalgo, Christine Hodil, Jo Kreiter, Bernie Lubell, Please Louise Productions, Valerie Soe, Paul Winternitz	
Moisés Ortiz Urquidi, Artist-in-Residence, Mexico	24
Susan Stone, Artist-in-Residence, Bay Area	26
Ulysses Jenkins, Artist-in-Residence, California	29

III : U N C O M M O N G R O U N D

Open Space as Common Ground	33
Walter Hood, Karl Linn, Sheila Levrant de Bretteville, Laurie Lazer & Daryl Smith	
Lisa Glatt, Artist-in-Residence, California	35
Pedro Ospina, Artist-in-Residence, Philadelphia	38
Valerie Soe, Artist-in-Residence, Bay Area	39
Urban Elders: Making Sense of Growing Older	41
Linda Mittiness, Clara (Kitty) Couch, Rene Yung, Elders from The Ruth Ann Rosenberg Adult Day Health Center	
Clara (Kitty) Couch, Artist-in-Residence, Lila Wallace- Reader's Digest-Arts International Artists Program	42
Creating Womanspace	44
Juana Alicia, Roma Guy, Bonnie Loyd	
Gilda Edwards, Artist-in-Residence, Ohio	45
Sara Felder, Artist-in-Residence, Bay Area	46
Elise Sanford, Artist-in-Residence, Ohio	46
Martin Mainer, Artist-in-Residence, Czech Republic	48

IV : N E W I T I N E R A R I E S

You Are Here (You Think): A San Francisco Bus Tour	49
Bernie Lubell, Dean MacCannell, Juliet Flower MacCannell	
Philip Brady, Artist-in-Residence, Ohio	51
Rock Shih, Artist-in-Residence, Taiwan	53
Walking the Same Steps . . . Kyoto 1993-1987	58
Remy Charlip, Ernesto Sánchez, June Watanabe, John Woodall	
Hip-Hop Ecology	59
Leonard Pitt, A. K. Black, Running Grass, Ama Deonbi, Rico Gonzalez, Ed Tywoniak	
Roland Johnson, Artist-in-Residence, Bay Area	63
Chico MacMurtrie, Artist-in-Residence, Bay Area	64
Performance: Anne-Lise Berntsen	65
Tasting Difference: Food & The Immigration Experience	65
Opal Palmer Adisa, José Antonio Burciaga, Daphne Derven, Joanne Ikeda, Arnold Iger & Paul Kwan, Maggie Byth Klein, Richard Oyama, Victor Mario Zaballa	
Maria Porges, Artist-in-Residence, Bay Area	66
Roberto Fernández Iglesias, Artist-in-Residence, Mexico	70
Daniel Adams, Artist-in-Residence, North Carolina	74
Sausalito Literacy Project	75
Affiliate Artists	76
Headlands Membership	77
Photo Credits	78

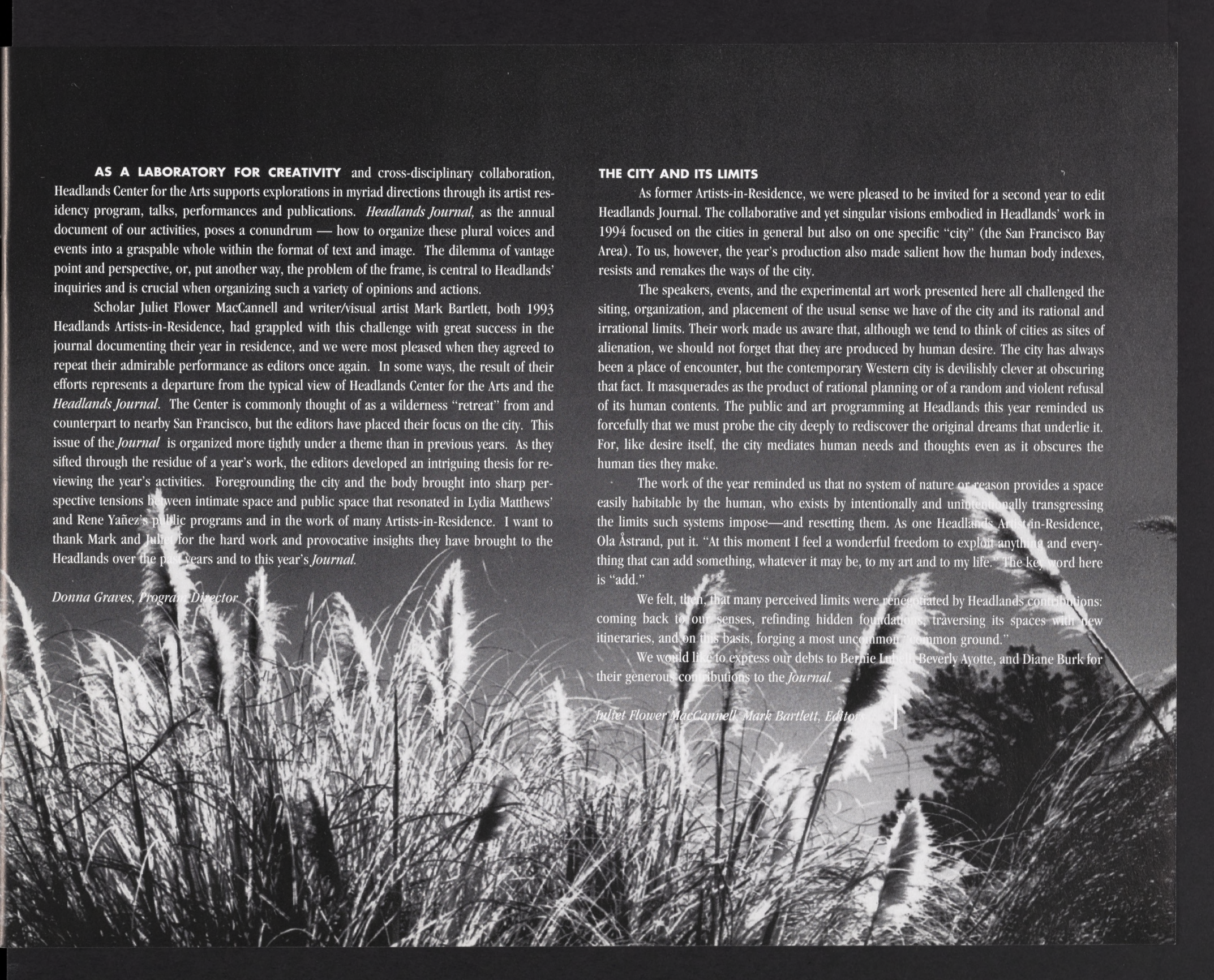


NOW THAT I HAVE BEEN AWAY from Headlands for a year, I can see all the more clearly its value. Thinking back on the events I attended over the last several years, and reading Lydia Matthews' essay about last year's public programs, it seems to me that there is an underlying humility in Headlands' approach to its work. Its self-admitted understanding is that we all have a lot to learn about how we live in and with the world. Once that underlying stance is taken, it opens up an expansive and innovative array of inquiry and activity. As there is no turf to defend, no boundaries to define, the work is allowed to be about investigating options for seeing the world and acting in it. Since most of the public forums are presented as conversations and not as single grand statements, Headlands is a model for conducting these inquiries by engaging in dialogue and querying alternative positions. As such, they combat directly cynicism, despair and isolationism—all attributes of life at the end of the 20th century.

Living as I do now in a city that thrives on partisan positioning and one-upmanship, these breezes from Headlands seem particularly refreshing. In contrast with what I see around me now, Headlands' productive effort to replace, quietly, existing systems of thought and behavior, is undertaken with a generous heart and an open mind. Bravo, dear friends. This work is needed now more than ever in our world.

I think, too, of all those other years who helped to shape that attitude at the core of Headlands. One of them was Joan Browning, who donated her time to provide design services for the first five years of Headlands' life. It was her work that gave Headlands a professional public image and provided a kind of protective cover while we struggled with the chaos of self definition. Joan died in the early days of 1995 after a two year battle with cancer. In February, a memorial service was held for her in the Eastwing among the hills that were her solace and inspiration. She is missed and remembered with equal tenderness. This issue of *Headlands Journal* is dedicated to her.

Jennifer Dowling, Executive Director 1986-1994



AS A LABORATORY FOR CREATIVITY and cross-disciplinary collaboration, Headlands Center for the Arts supports explorations in myriad directions through its artist residency program, talks, performances and publications. *Headlands Journal*, as the annual document of our activities, poses a conundrum — how to organize these plural voices and events into a graspable whole within the format of text and image. The dilemma of vantage point and perspective, or, put another way, the problem of the frame, is central to Headlands' inquiries and is crucial when organizing such a variety of opinions and actions.

Scholar Juliet Flower MacCannell and writer/visual artist Mark Bartlett, both 1993 Headlands Artists-in-Residence, had grappled with this challenge with great success in the journal documenting their year in residence, and we were most pleased when they agreed to repeat their admirable performance as editors once again. In some ways, the result of their efforts represents a departure from the typical view of Headlands Center for the Arts and the *Headlands Journal*. The Center is commonly thought of as a wilderness "retreat" from and counterpart to nearby San Francisco, but the editors have placed their focus on the city. This issue of the *Journal* is organized more tightly under a theme than in previous years. As they sifted through the residue of a year's work, the editors developed an intriguing thesis for reviewing the year's activities. Foregrounding the city and the body brought into sharp perspective tensions between intimate space and public space that resonated in Lydia Matthews' and Rene Yañez's public programs and in the work of many Artists-in-Residence. I want to thank Mark and Juliet for the hard work and provocative insights they have brought to the Headlands over the past years and to this year's *Journal*.

Donna Graves, Program Director

THE CITY AND ITS LIMITS

As former Artists-in-Residence, we were pleased to be invited for a second year to edit Headlands Journal. The collaborative and yet singular visions embodied in Headlands' work in 1994 focused on the cities in general but also on one specific "city" (the San Francisco Bay Area). To us, however, the year's production also made salient how the human body indexes, resists and remakes the ways of the city.

The speakers, events, and the experimental art work presented here all challenged the siting, organization, and placement of the usual sense we have of the city and its rational and irrational limits. Their work made us aware that, although we tend to think of cities as sites of alienation, we should not forget that they are produced by human desire. The city has always been a place of encounter, but the contemporary Western city is devilishly clever at obscuring that fact. It masquerades as the product of rational planning or of a random and violent refusal of its human contents. The public and art programming at Headlands this year reminded us forcefully that we must probe the city deeply to rediscover the original dreams that underlie it. For, like desire itself, the city mediates human needs and thoughts even as it obscures the human ties they make.

The work of the year reminded us that no system of nature or reason provides a space easily habitable by the human, who exists by intentionally and unintentionally transgressing the limits such systems impose—and resetting them. As one Headlands Artist-in-Residence, Ola Åstrand, put it. "At this moment I feel a wonderful freedom to exploit anything and everything that can add something, whatever it may be, to my art and to my life. The key word here is "add."

We felt, then, that many perceived limits were renegotiated by Headlands contributions: coming back to our senses, refinding hidden foundations, traversing its spaces with new itineraries, and on this basis, forging a most uncommon common ground."

We would like to express our debts to Bernie Lubell, Beverly Ayotte, and Diane Burk for their generous contributions to the *Journal*.

Juliet Flower MacCannell, Mark Bartlett, Editors

On Urban Visions and Collaborative Interventions

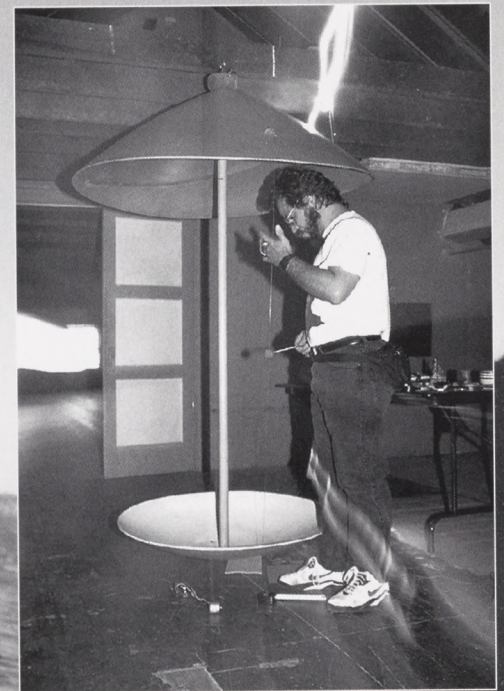
by Lydia Matthews

Collective experience, collaborative work, and creative interventions in the city were the themes addressed by Headlands Public Programs in 1994. Our series entitled, *The City: Collaborative Visions*, critically explored ways of theorizing and responding to the conditions of our contemporary urban habitat. Presenters discussed works inspired on a grassroots level. As members of specific urban communities, they creatively tackled problems by developing joint interventions. Their work—artistic, scholarly or political—was devoted to re-shaping our collective imagination, exemplifying the spirit of what German conceptual artist Joseph Beuys called “Social Sculpture:” honoring and articulating intuitive experience, effectively rationalizing and communicating thoughts, translating ideas into social action, and ultimately reforming urban systems so that they become more humane and ecologically sound.

Conventionally, modern urban dwellers characterize themselves as autonomous, psychically alienated individuals moving rapidly through a highly specialized, increasingly mediated concrete environment. Headlands’ participants often acknowledged this model of urbanity as powerfully structuring our lives,

but they challenged its modernist construct by engaging in collaborative processes, non-hierarchical communications and ongoing (often slow-going) local interactions. Sound utopian? Hardly. Many conversations were rife with complex contradiction and admitted compromise. But not dystopian either, for there was no lack of the pleasure that accompanies an experience of human agency. There was even a sense of realistic hopefulness within contemporary American culture. Headlands proved to be a breathing space for the San Francisco metropolitan area, a site where groups of interdisciplinary speakers, resident artists and community members could gather, slow down their hurried pace on a Sunday afternoon, debate issues, and imagine alternative forms of city life.

Rigid boundaries appear to dissolve at Headlands. To spend time at the Center is to witness a permeable edge between water and land, bay and ocean, city and countryside. It is also to sense ghosts of military history hovering while the rigors of artistic processes are visibly present in the studio environments. In its artists’ studios, lines between media are often blurred; individuals take aesthetic risks that seemed untenable before their residencies provided time and space to re-negotiate the limits of formal practices. People of varied cultural backgrounds and aesthetic sensibilities mix. Interdisciplinary collaborations inevitably occur. Within this atmosphere of creative hybridization, I asked myself, “What kind of public program series would expand the edges of



Performance, Open House



I did spend a good bit of time trying to interact with other artists, helping them, Chico and Victor. Gilda, I liked what she was doing a whole lot and I really liked her eye for form and the objects she was concentrating on here. It sort of turned me in the

direction of found objects, which is something I used to use as a problem for my performance class. I gave exercises to them about what's the difference between discarded, lost and found objects and how do you define the difference. That

was one thing I associated with her. I spent a lot of time doing photographs, buying the new camera and trying to figure out how to deal with infrared film.

Ed Myers
Artist-in-Residence
Ohio

Headlands as a local arts institution?"

I limited my tenure as Public Program Director to one year. Because of my other professional activities, I saw the position as a creative opportunity to be Headlands' "administrator-in-residence." While I had followed the Center's activities since its inception, others in the Bay Area, even those active in the arts, were often only vaguely aware of what went on "out there in the Marin wilderness." I wanted to help diversify and expand Headlands' audience, to create a welcoming atmosphere to entice a variety of newcomers. I felt strongly that investigating urban themes would be one way to develop a more ethnically, socio-economically and professionally varied audience: "the city" is not a monolithic construct, but a composite of multiple constituencies—literally, an important common ground. Given the immediate cultural debates in the U. S. (the political shift to the right and its backlash against arts and social programs), it seemed particularly timely in 1994 to encourage sophisticated discussion about community-based, multicultural and collaborative aesthetic practices.

I wanted to bring artists, social activists and academic theorists who together might recognize and remedy one another's blind spots. As a veteran teacher, however, I knew that success could not be insured by merely selecting "hot" topics or inviting the "right" speakers. I would also have to cultivate an atmosphere that made people feel included and at ease once they were togeth-

er in the space to foster a feeling of active ownership of the events, both in their planning and their realization.

My sense was that the Center was "warming up," not only because my predecessor, Ann Chamberlain, had fostered a rich array of evocative interdisciplinary public programs over the years, but also because artist Ann Hamilton had transformed Fort Barry's Mess Hall into a working kitchen, creating a true architectural hearth. Headlands now had an intimate center; private discussions could continue over meals following the formal public presentations. Breaking bread together and spontaneous storytelling are often overlooked staples in community-building—something many feminist artists have long understood. When a chef as gifted as the Center's Laurie MacKenzie is baking the bread, people are sure to come back for more. I was committed to making Headlands function as a place where people felt comfortable, intellectually stimulated, physically nourished—both wanted and wanting more. This meant earmarking part of the budget so that audience members could join us for dinner and whatever fruitful discussions ensued. It also meant imaginatively recruiting people whose work related to the event to be part of the audience that day, so that community networking could happen in the Mess Hall, perhaps inspiring future projects.

I began by addressing building a stronger sense of community in-house. I tried to open wider communications among the Artists-in-Residence, Affiliate Artists and the administration so I

could ascertain the issues of greatest concern. The public programs were thus conceived collaboratively, through dialogue with the plethora of remarkable people who represent Headlands. They voiced a collective desire to include more Resident Artists in the programming and to vary the structure of the events. "Mix it up, be more playful without sacrificing conceptual rigor, showcase the local talent—and bring out speakers whose work will inform our development during the residencies," I was told. Thus emerged useful contacts and concrete events, including a creative collaboration among three Headlands Affiliates, sculptor Bernie Lubell, and writers Dean MacCannell and Juliet Flower MacCannell. They fancifully imagined fusing their past work on San Francisco as a tourist construct into an interactive seminar-on-wheels, where participants could examine how to resist experiencing the city through a dulled, unconscious touristic gaze. The following week I reserved a big red Gray Line tour bus and encouraged them to take seriously their proposed roles as tour guides.

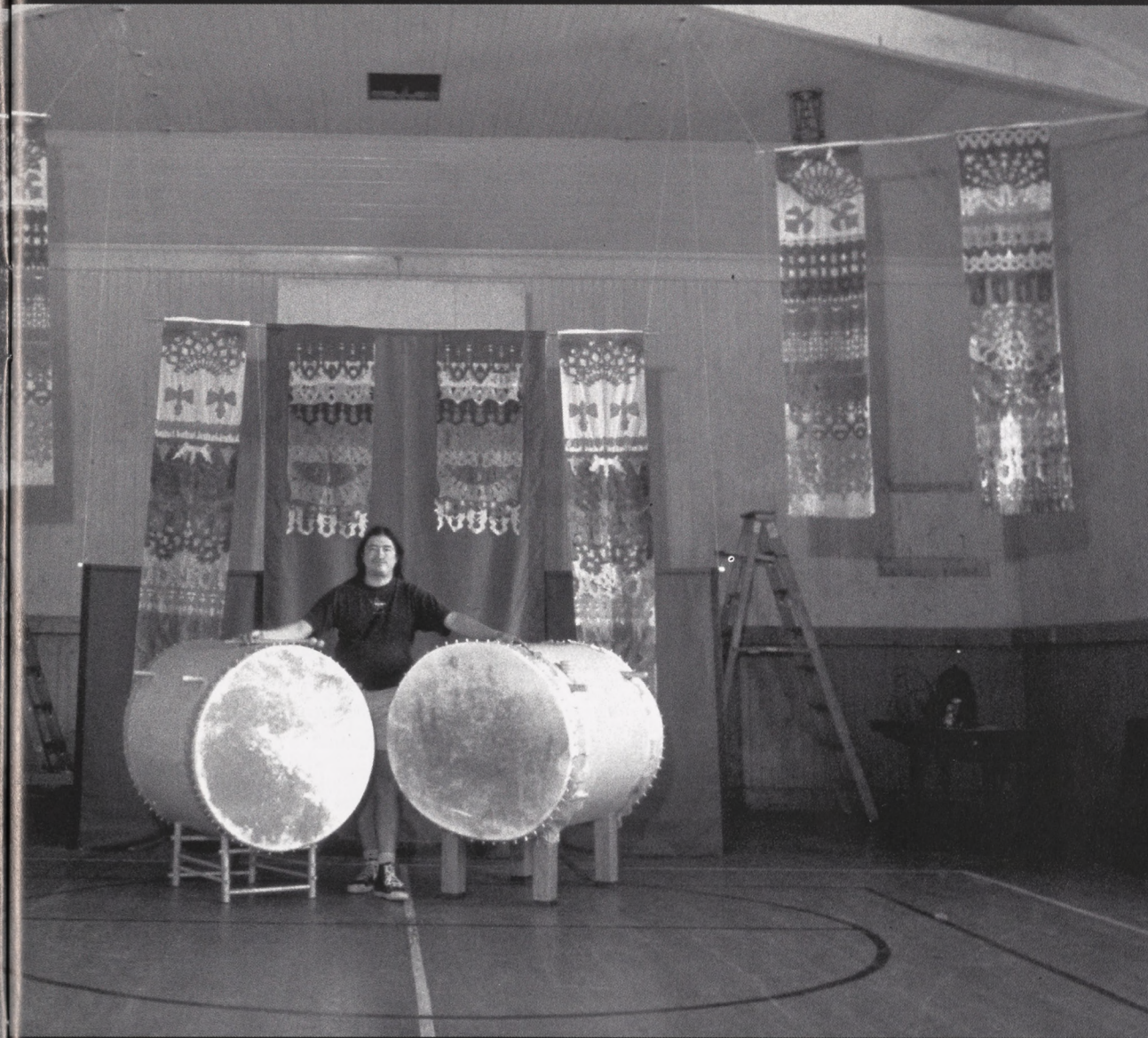
Collaborating with other arts, educational and social service institutions was my second approach to community-building. Soon after Executive Director Jennifer Dowley invited me to act as Headlands' Public Program Director, I began meeting with administrators throughout the Bay Area to see if we could combine financial resources and work towards developing joint projects that would cross-fertilize our organizations. I hoped that our audiences could be shared and our memberships expanded. My



Performance, Open House

The best way to describe my residency is that it has been one of the happiest and most enjoyable experiences of my life. Since I was a child, I have had a dream of being able to spend a period of time in a place with large windows, with views of the water and the mountains,

and lots of wind. In this place I could think and work, explore and experiment with the different media I have been using since childhood (painting, sculpture, installation, music, and performance.) In the ancient Mexican way of thinking, the arts, sciences, and spirituality



were not separate concepts in opposition, but formed a unified whole. This synthesis, called *toltecayotl*, has always been the model for my work. Specifically, in recent years I have strived to integrate sound, light, and movement in my installations in a way that involves

the audience. My residency at Headlands gave me that room of my childhood dreams, and with it came the opportunity to explore all possibilities of creating an environment and having people interact within it. During my tenure here I have produced more installations,

more models of installations, and recorded more music that in the previous ten years combined. I think it is important for artists to have access to a residency space to regroup their ideas, and from there to go forward with a new phase in their work. Best of all, I have had a lot of fun

working here, hiking in the lovely hills, talking to artists from around the world, flirting with the staff, looking at girls on the beach, and getting hammered at weddings.

Victor Mario Zaballa
Artist-in-Residence
Bay Area

initial desire was to have some of the public events take place off-site so Headlands could circulate more widely in the urban environment. Several of those projects were, however, never realized despite long hours of negotiations. More often than not, these attempts failed because there was no "obvious" overlapping in programming, so envisioning a joint project from scratch seemed too labor-intensive for those already over-extended and short-staffed. Sometimes it seemed too threatening to redesign time-tested public program formats or already-prepared schedules. Significantly, the resistance I experienced most in my attempted collaborations was with arts organizations. We seem more wedded to modernist notions of autonomous invention and aesthetic territoriality than we post-moderns would like to admit, even in public programming in the arts. Some failures were inevitable, since I cast my net widely; others were simply missed opportunities in an age of dwindling financial resources.

There were several productive collaborations with other organizations, however. The most substantial was the *Immigration and Cultural Identity: What Does it Mean to Become an American in the '90s?* symposium, planned over a period of eight months with a committee of faculty and students of the California College of Arts and Crafts. Together we designed the entire week so that each day's activities would complement one another. Out of this discussion grew the eighth event of our series, *Tasting Difference: Food and the Immigration Experience*, a

panel discussion/ poetry performance/ international feast, which inaugurated the interdisciplinary conference. While much brainstorming and negotiating was involved in this collaborative process, it was manageable because I consistently wore two hats: both Headlands' Acting Public Program Director and CCAC Art History Professor. My full-time teaching position at the school enabled me to work closely with the Design/Architecture faculty so that they could plan their course syllabi in advance with specific Headlands events in mind. This assured us large attendance at events like *Open Space as Common Ground*, *Re-Forming Cities*, and *Flesh and Stone*. Bay Area students, some of whom benefitted from studio critiques on campus, also were afforded access to out-of-town speakers, like Sheila Levrant de Bretteville, Richard Sennett, William Morrish and Catherine Brown.

My second major collaboration was with the multiple arts and educational organizations involved in realizing the Bay Area's *Odún dé Odún dé Festival*, over one year in the planning, which celebrated the African spirit in contemporary art through more than a dozen exhibitions, five symposia, and various lectures and performances. Interested institutions came to the table at the San Francisco Art Institute, the original host of what they envisioned as the seventh in a series of Summer Institutes devoted to promoting multicultural discourse. There was much heated debate about how to shape the interdisciplinary weekend symposium conceptually. Each institution devised its own contribution to the *Odún dé Odún dé* theme and these diverse programs were placed under the festival umbrella, sharing publicity expenses and coordinating schedules. Headlands' festival contribution was *Hip Hop Ecology*. I also collaborated with organizations to target audiences for particular events. When *Urban Peacemaking* was in the planning stages, I worked with the Director of the Youth Ambassador Program at the Center for the Arts at Yerba Buena Gardens, the artists of DIWA, and with San Francisco's leading Conservation Corps' Youth in Action Program at Southern Exposure Gallery. Together we arranged for van transportation to Headlands so that inner-city teenagers in those programs had access to our event and could be invited for dinner in the Mess Hall. Similarly, during the planning of *Urban Elders*:

Making Sense of Growing Older, I conferred with Headlands Artist-in-Residence Clara (Kitty) Couch and administrators of several neighborhood senior centers to secure bus transportation to visit Headlands for the elders that afternoon.

I experimented with co-administrating, which allowed me to invite two outstanding women to "guest" curate events for the Center, thus sharing our wealth, bringing their unique perspectives and community contacts to the process, and lightening my work load considerably. Linda Burnham of the Women of Color Resource Center in Berkeley helped envision and administrate *Creating Womanspace*, and Rene Yung, a former Headlands Affiliate Artist, worked closely with me to realize the *Urban Elders* event.

Some events during the year were like jazz improvisations, with different performers bringing their insights and disciplinary skills to bear on a loosely structured topic. Others were well-rehearsed orchestrations of a specific vantage point or urban project. Some were lively, inspiring, and in moments, magical; others frustrating or, at worst, dull. But each of the nine programs represented experiments in reforming contemporary urban existence through creative strategies and innovative theorizing, with an emphasis on roles that artists might play in such projects.

I learned much from experimenting with these administrative visions. Above all, I had to confront my own physical, psychological, and philosophical boundaries, choosing which to respectfully uphold and which to actively relinquish. As *Open Space as Common Ground* presenter Karl Linn described, "as long as reality is an ongoing teacher and it doesn't quite come out, you learn." On another note, landscape architect Walter Hood's statement continues to resonate in my memory as I apply it to administrative as well as visual models: "Design is like making music. You start out, you have a plan, but you don't know where you're going to end up—and you hope that the human action, the people, will take you somewhere else."

Flesh and Stone: The Body in Urban Space

Remy Charlip, Alonzo King, Richard Sennett

October 2, 1994

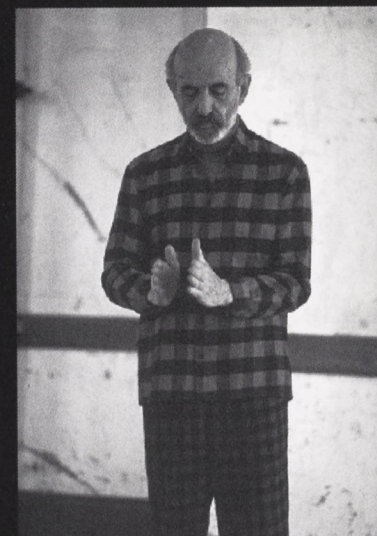
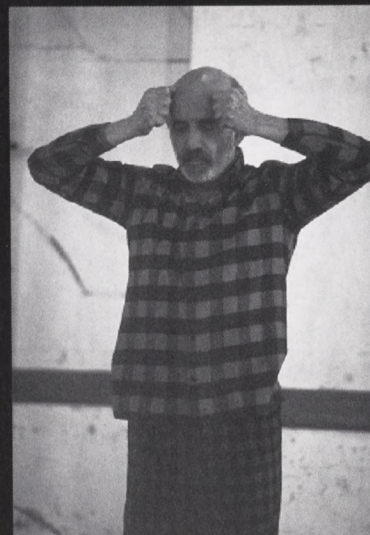
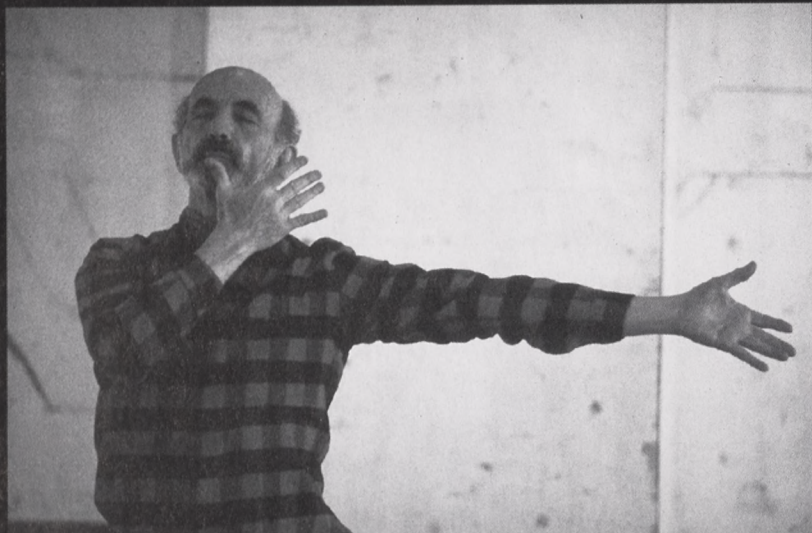
Lydia Matthews: *We experience the urban environment through our bodies. Beliefs about how "self," the body and physical space relate to each other vary tremendously across cultures and histories. They shape how we undergo and interpret bodily sensations within city spaces, and greatly influence urban design practices.*

*Do we want contemporary architectural structures and urban designs to make us more or less aware of our physicality? This question arose as Richard Sennett, distinguished novelist and Professor of Sociology and History at New York University, read from his book, *Flesh and Stone: The Body and the City in Western Civilization*. He analyzed our difficulties in making a common home for the diversity of bodies in contemporary society. He was joined by Bay Area dancers Remy Charlip and Alonzo King. The result was an unusually bold, quirky, interdisciplinary debate about how both architects and dancers consider interactions between the human body and physical space. King, the internationally renowned founder of *LINES Contemporary Ballet Company* and a master teacher at the *San Francisco Institute of Choreography*, argued the need to lose one's physical sense of self to be spiritually uplifted in a physical world. Charlip, a 1994 *Artist-in-Residence at Headlands* and a choreographer since 1949, addressed creatively re-designing the internal architecture of the body through physical movement and psychological techniques.*

Richard Sennett: The making of urban architecture is rooted in the body: the acts of dancing and of drawing are profoundly linked. When architects create spaces for people to move in, to rest and sit and stand, they are unconsciously choreographing the body. My book explores the felt environment of the body. I studied how men and women once moved, what they saw and heard, what smells assailed their noses, what they ate, how they dressed, when they bathed and where they made love in urban spaces. Why, in the modern city, are our senses, our physical experiences, so dulled? Why it is that there are no things which arouse us erotically in urban environments? Compare Hogarth's scene where people are drinking in Spittlefield's in London. They're very peaceably having their glasses of beer. Everybody is touching; men have their arms around women's shoulders. Peace in the city is established by the sense of touch. Hogarth contrasted that to a second companion drawing, *Gin Lane*, where everybody is drunk. The scene is disorderly because nobody has any sense of corporeal rela-

COMING TO OUR SENSES

This section sets "the sensible" and the sensual into the context of the city. The talks examine how little the city accommodates our senses, our flesh and feelings, yet how necessary these are for human beings to make sense of themselves. They also treat how urgent it is to "come to our senses" about the incivility and violence of new urban life. Featured here are video artists, musicians and dancers, whose work reminds us how art explores the region between sense and sensing; and visual and verbal artists, whose work powerfully resists the allure of violence, and reminds us, as well, that violence is a natural as well as an urban social phenomenon. Their imaginative responses re-envision and reinvest the body with values other than those of economic production. Their work strives to gather body as subject, not as alienated object.



Each time I pass the bridge towards the Headlands and look back and see the distant city over the water, I always feel as if I'd escaped.

Figure in a Landscape was performed on the crest of the hill behind the main building. What got into me? I hate performing out-of-doors. Too much competition. With nature, who needs art? But there is something about Headlands. It enticed me. I climbed up the hill. I nearly slid all the way down, slipping on loose earth and stones. I grabbed onto a branch. It was thorny. There was poison oak all around. I

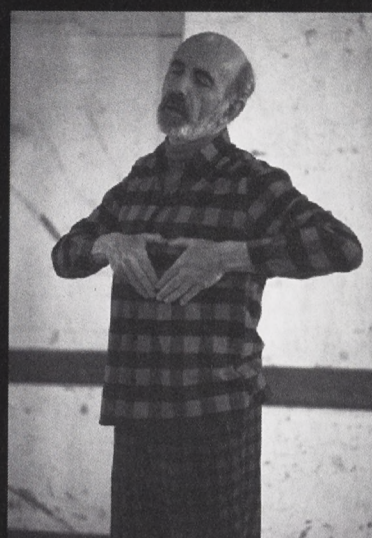
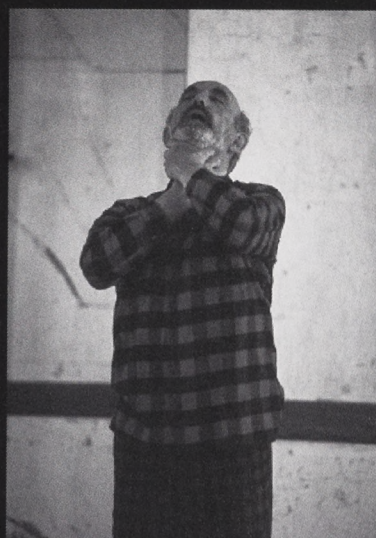
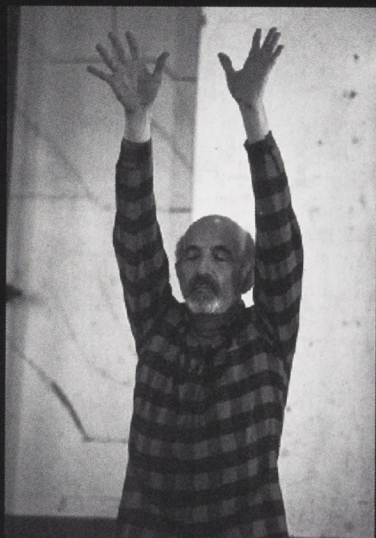
nearly killed myself. I finally managed to negotiate it, gathered myself together, and stood quietly, awaiting my signal to start.

While I waited, I did a slow-motion 360 degree turn, looking long distances. I realized how little I allow myself to be in nature, take the time to be. It was gorgeous. I was enthralled. One hill was green, one covered in mist. One hill was all golden, covered in sunlight. One was lavender. I was sending my looking long distances, and receiving my seeing deep inside myself. My body became a playground for this

inner to outer, outer to inner game. I was going toward receiving something.

I danced as if I was being dreamed.

Remy Charlip
Artist-in-Residence
Bay Area



tionship with each other. The gin has drawn them into themselves. Now, if anybody came up to you on the street holding a bottle of beer in one hand and reaching out for your forearm with the other, you, like me, would recoil in horror. We don't imagine touch as a way of creating spatial order. What makes us feel secure in space is having our bodies left alone. Fear of being touched came from the way bodily motion was shaped in modern culture, beginning with William Harvey's 1628 book, *De motu cordis*, showing the body's circulation. It inspired city builders to conceive urban environments like circulatory systems. In the mid-19th century, the language of streets as arteries and veins was itself transformed, shaping a city people could escape from. The idea was to get away from the city center as quickly as possible, because it was filled with dirty immigrants, people with odd tastes—homosexuals, artists and so on. "Circulation" came to mean fleeing the touch of those who are different.

We see our bodies as total systems, whose being under control is good. I come from a different, rather religious, point of view. I take seriously the story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. When they were expelled from it, they gained something and they lost something: an awareness of the world. Because they felt themselves to be incomplete human beings, they took notice of the world as a place to be explored, touched, mined, reacted to. Post-modernist architecture has similarly tried to disorient the body, to make it feel radically insufficient in space. Re-embodiment a sense of touch has less

to do with a better kind of architectural plan than with a different sense of our bodies. Can we re-embody urban space by finding places the body might do something like dance?

Alonzo King: The way my dance company looks at it is that, for the most part, the body gets in the way. We're really only playing this instrument, as someone would play a piano, or blow a horn. It's not really the body dancing—the mind is manipulating that body for a desired result. Most of a dancer's training is being taught to imitate and to be obsessed with physical form alone. After, there comes a point where you really want dialogue. You've gone through ego skill and you've executed and executed, and your Mommy says 'That's good,' and you've won awards. But then you want not so much to do anymore as to be done. Dancers want to have something in their space talk with them. They say the muse enters when the vessel is empty. So you spend a period getting your self out of the way—so you can have an experience of being danced, almost like a puppet. There's an energy, a force dancing with you. You realize that you're really manipulating forces and energy in these spaces. You tune in to what and who's around you, sensing how sensitive they are, their needs. You're touched just by proximity. It is really sublime. If you show a dancer a video of a particular work they've done, they'll say

8.- PAISAJE.

Silencioso como un viejo
pordiosero, el sol
desciende a la ciudad.
Lame los edificios
les descubre los rostros
y calienta
sus entumidas lenguas.
En los parques conversa
con niñas inocentes
y se columpia en las espaldas
de los viejos que morirán
en este mismo año.

La ciudad los descubre
y el sol pleno asciende
tras las multitudes.
¡Sólo es el pordiosero sol
que nadie ve ni ama!
Girando, el pordiosero huye.

8.- LANDSCAPE

Silent like an old beggar
the sun descends to the city,
licks the buildings
reveals their faces
and warms their numbed tongues.

In the park it catch
with innocents girls
and swings on the backs of old people
who will die later this year.

The city uncovers them
and the bare sun rises behind the crowd.
It's only the mendicant sun
whom no one sees or loves.
Spinning
The beggar runs away.

8.- PAYSAGE

Silencieux comme un vieux mendiant
le soleil descend sur la ville,
il lèche les bâtiments,
leur découvre le visage
et réchauffe leur
lèvres tuméfiées.
Dans les parcs il bavarde
avec des petites filles innocents,
et se balance sur le dos des vieillards
qui mourront dans l'année même.

La ville le découvre
et le plein soleil
monte derrière les foules.
Ce n'est que le soleil mendiant
que personne ne voit
et que personne n'aime.
Tournoyant.
Le mendiant fuit
en tournoyant.

9.- PURA TRISTEZA.

¡Hey! Detente no corras más.
¡Hey! Los cuates pueden esperar.
Camino en Alvaro Obregón
de aquí ayer sólo quedó
casas sin puertas.

Ahí, tirados en el camellón
van leyendo el aviso de ocasión,
tres hombres parecen soñar
que encuentran dónde trabajar.
¡Pura tristeza!

Llegas a la esquina
una familia se ha dormido ahí,
niños de Oaxaca vienen hacia ti,
les das lo de tu camión
quizá alcanzarán frijol
o ¡Pura tristeza!

Grita aquel pequeño voceador
que otra vez ya todo subió,
la culpa no la tengo yo,
sabemos quién es el ganón
¡y a mí un rayo ya me partió!
¡Me lleva la tristeza!

9.- ONLY

Hey, Sto
Hey, yo
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Performance, Open House
Maria Eva Avilés
Artist-in-Residence
Mexico



Open House installation about *Watermelon Woman*, the film script Cheryl Dunye wrote during her residency. *Watermelon Woman* is a story about a twenty-something African American lesbian who makes a video documentary about a 1930s African American actress popularly known as the Watermelon Woman.

Cheryl Dunye
Artist-in-Residence
Philadelphia



"My God, I felt I was on Mars." They really were somewhere else, and their departure from this limited instrument—their consciousness—can actually be seen visually.

Remy Charlip: Artists who are so great at redesigning the world—buildings, highways, airplanes, rockets, landscapes, music, furniture, painting, sculpture, their apartments, clothes, meals—still have no idea that they can change their own internal architecture. They can remodel, refurbish, redecorate and redo their own bodies. Example: I decided to learn how to change a habit. I discovered this has three assets. First: awareness of what you do. Second: permission to yourself not to do that thing. And third: you give yourself a new direction. We often respond in a habitual way, with anger or resentment, for what happened in the past; or we worry and are fearful of the future. That keeps us from being in the present, from experiencing awareness, from being in the moment. So, I would like to do a little experiment with everybody. Just do nothing for a moment. See a picture of yourself as you are sitting. See if you can go back into your body. What does the seat feel like? What does the floor feel like? That's awareness. You might be aware that your neck is hurting or you're grabbing with your toes. Now, give yourself another image of what you can do differently. When you sit for a long period of time, make sure the chair you're sitting on is exactly the same height as your leg so that your feet are touch-

ing the floor. All you need is a little wooden box or pillow. With a few things like that, you can begin to understand how your body functions. Then, if you're an artist, or architect you can start to redesign the chair—or the world.

RS: I have a question for Alonzo. When you are choreographing, you are designing a space in which your dancers lose consciousness of themselves. Can you imagine that your process of choreography could inform the practice of an architect or urban planner? You see places where people can be expressive without being self-absorbed.

AK: Most of the time we're so obsessed, as Remy said, with what's happened in the past, what's going to happen in the future, that a sense of being in the moment is uncommon. There are, however, spaces that cause it to occur. You mention cathedrals like Chartres in your book. Chartres' architecture is a reminder of where we come from, a pointing to a higher place. When you go into such spaces, you feel a sense of a spiraling energy, a divinity larger than the human body. In those places where people have done something repeatedly for centuries, the geographic environment reflects its accommodation of that act: a repeated vibration. You get a sense of that, and forget about yourself. We need to set up a world where people can lose themselves.



Joseph Marshall
Executive Director/Co-Founder
San Francisco's Omega Boys Club

Urban Peacemaking Projects

Nane Alejandrez, Joseph Marshall & Margaret Norris, Jordan Simmons & Redge Green
August 14, 1994

Lydia Matthews: *Gang violence is a source of terror and emotional anguish in urban neighborhoods. But gang life also fills needs for camaraderie, entertainment and economic survival. Urban peacemakers attempt to redirect these desires into creative community-building projects. Our moving roundtable discussion featured presentations by some of the best known grassroots leaders in the Peace Movement. Joseph Marshall, founder of the Omega Boys Club and a 1994 MacArthur Fellow, and Margaret Norris, the Club's Academic Director, discussed their award-winning KMEL radio talk show aimed at preventing gang and domestic violence. Nane Alejandrez, founding Executive Director of Santa Cruz's "Barrios Unidos: The California Coalition to End Barrio Warfare," spoke of his eighteen-year-old peace organization's establishing "The César Chavez School of Social Change and Art/Video Academy," which teaches*

skills in community outreach, computer systems, business management and silk-screening. They are producing and distributing the Barrios Unidos clothing line. Jordan Simmons and Redge Green, artists/teachers at the East Bay Center for the Performing Arts in Richmond, shared their models for aesthetically training urban teens (two of whom aired their recent videos) to create original theatrical, dance, musical and visual works about their lives and communities. Contributing to the audience discussion were teenagers from the Youth Ambassadors Program at Center for the Arts at Yerba Buena Gardens, students from the San Francisco Conservation Corps' Youth in Action Program (in conjunction with Southern Exposure and DIWA, the Filipino-American artist collective), representatives from the California Youth Services Council in Marin County, and the Healthy Start and Head Start Programs of Northern California.

Joseph Marshall: We host *Street Soldiers*, a violence prevention radio show we founded seven years ago to keep people alive and out of jail. Before Hammer left to pursue his music career he invited me in as a guest host two nights on KMEL. He had people call in about everything from domestic violence to drugs. The DJ liked the advice and perspective I could give. Ms. Norris used to sit home

and listen, get on the phone, and occupy the lines for so long with her advice, we decided to just bring her into the studio. Every Monday night, ten to twelve DJs and volunteers reach out to try and catch the conscience of a troubled community. No one sees our faces. But they can sense the love over the airwaves. We challenge the callers: "Are you going to be part of the problem or part of the solution?" We teach non-violent ways of living, principles of friendship, respect, simple rules of living together for dealing with enemies. For example, you must never surround the "enemy" on four sides; always leave them a way to back out. Gang members say they never imagine you don't have to kill. In one case, we avoided a war between the Samoans and the Filipinos—it was talked out over the air. We've been able to teach another model, specifically African in nature, of dealing with the "enemy."

Margaret Norris: Everybody can learn to be African. The African way is an acceptance of all things good for the people. I begin my classes by reading an African folk tale or riddle. In the village the griot would read a riddle to the young people and have them discuss it. They'd try to figure it

out. At the end, the elder would say, "It's time to go home now." "But what's the answer?" "There is no one answer. But it was a very good discussion, wasn't it?" Americans are taught there's our way or no way—King versus Malcolm, Garvey versus DuBois. But these visionaries all had different ways of doing for the good of the people.

Young people aren't at risk unless we permit it. Shame on us for allowing the media to tell us this generation's lost! Shame on us for letting someone else write our story! It tells these young people they have to die before they're 25. They don't! They don't have to end up in jail, on the street, dropouts, selling drugs. Shame on us for becoming actors and actresses in such a play!

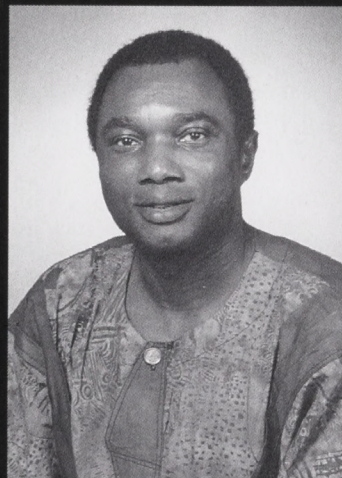
Nane Alejandre: Urban development comes to put a freeway in the neighborhood and what do you say? "Oh, I gotta move!" Yet let another homeboy come and tell you that, and you're ready to down him. Stand up and say, "Hey man, I'm down with you brother, but I want to be down for something that's going to be down for all of us."

Jubilation Drum

Panic has caught the invaders.
They have not found the stone
their scouts had prepared for a sling.
"Can stone fly from its known place?"
The Powerful are too rational,
the weak commit themselves to faith.
The scouts had read me upside-down;
I marked a missile they would launch,
really the solid shell of a turtle
they saw as an island rock.
The turtle has gone underwater!
Let panic disarm my aggressors.

Avoiding Fire

Masquerade without a mask,
Grandmother salutes from beyond!
Astral visitor or divine hostess,
she exercises hospitality
of a guardian goddess -
I know I will not wander from
her penetrating whistle;
she watches every eye



trailing me everywhere.
Deflector of slingshots,
my palm-shield in a clearing,
invisible mask of the masquerade,
I am no longer the baby
crying forty years ago
in the eclipsed sun.
But always learning,
I am still naked, playing
with incendiary gifts.
I need not wait for burns
to avoid blazing fire.

Magic

I don't know how Houdini wandered
into this mindscape. Or rather, how
I fell into the sleight-master's spell.
Many times I wish I could conjure,
cajole, or change happenings with a wand
that's mine but missing from my body.
Every uttered word develops a frame
to highlight its sense, sets a ship
into space with scripts - do magician's
pass lie detector tests in love?

I cannot be Houdini, nor a scarer
of big crowds; a tortoise stirring
a stampede to loot the market.
I can lipping Okigbo's or Okitakpe's
notes without fear of being stoned,
I have raised *udje* voice to the stars,
dug steps for which drums are the real
conjurers and I the possessed dancer.
What colour's still there in the canvas
without song and dance, without word,
without love of obsessive fragrance?

Every day of spectacle, I raise hands
to knows conjurers whose words
lift by the ear from chores to the arena.
I harvest a full barn from their words.
I can speak of magic without Houdini's scare.

Tanure Ojaide
Artist-in-Residence
North Carolina

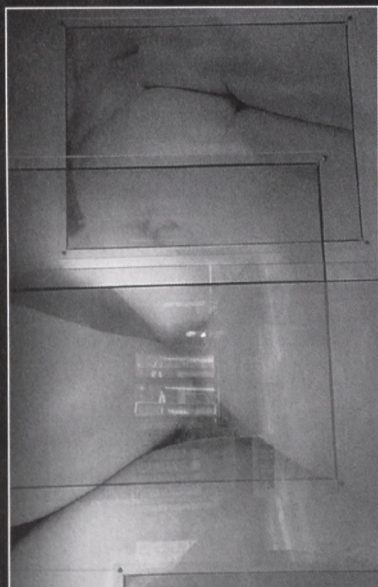
Last year I was part of the Kansas City Peace Summit. We brought people together from 26 cities around the country to talk about peace. Oldies, young gangsters: Latinos, Puerto Rican brothers, black brothers from the 'hoods, the Disciples, Crips, Bloods. Beautiful, man. We came together saying, "We want peace!" We called the President, the Vice President, everybody. Nobody came! So we took it that we have to go out there personally, or there's not going to be peace in the streets.

When you own nothing you're ready to die for a color, a street, a number. If we're telling the brothers to lay down their weapons, what do we give them in return? A T-shirt? Young people need jobs. We started an economic development plan that includes our own clothing line—jackets, belts, hats, pants. If you are into art, don't just put your art on the walls—make some bread for yourselves, make it pay for you.

Redge Green: At six years old, two men argued; one used me as a shield, the other shot me. I became a paraplegic. I grew up with dreams of becoming a professional actor, an activist on

behalf of those with disabilities, and of taking away the instruments of violence: ignorance and the power not to see the connection between mind and action. The media is a big tool. At the East Bay Center in Richmond, we've done a play, *Unincorporated*, and videos, *Safe Harbors II* and *Neighborhood Dilemmas*. We work from the power of the collective. Our 50 performing arts instructors, 15 staff, 1600 students reach out to 15 elementary schools, teaching over 200 classes weekly: music, dance, theater and film making.

Jordan Simmons: We give the young people an opportunity to express themselves the way they express themselves. We don't trip off their grammar; but we do show them they don't have to use ten "motherfuckers" and twenty "shits." We also teach them that poverty is not knowing purpose. We can talk about violence all day long, but young people need to realize that this mouth, this mind, are their most powerful weapons. The question for them is, "What came first, the tongue or the gun?"



My artwork, interests and concepts

Today, April, 1995

I was educated as a ceramic artist in Jerusalem in the 70's. There was an atmosphere of experimentation and research in the field at that time. I specialized in photographic techniques on ceramics: old photo emulsions and graphic methods such as silk-screen, etching and lithography.

In the late 80's I started working with installations involving ceramic sculpture with photographic images printed on them, photo textiles and video. I was interested in applications of 2-D on 3-D and the other way around. My subject, theme and concern have been

mostly human communication and identity, relations between the person and society, individual and group, men and women.

As one of those emancipated, ambitious and revolutionary women in art I have experienced a strong negative wave against nearly everything I have been doing or saying. My struggle and work has been therefore very much for and about the right to be different, not like everybody else. No matter where I lived or worked, I was standing out against the background of the others. I had to accept that I cannot identify myself with another group of people either on the basis of nationality or culture, social status or even sex.

I believe that it is this personal, individual, peculiar experience every artist has to use as a main source of inspiration. I have always been interested in philosophy. Søren Kierkegaard and Simone de Beauvoir, Julia Kristeva and Jacques Derrida, Camille Paglia and Tom Wolfe have exerted an influence on me. Artists such as Ilja Kabakov, Mary Kelly, Magdalena Abakanovich, Robert Rauschenberg, Diane Arbus, Eikoh Hosoe, Marie Jo Lafontaine are among those who have made an impact on my own work.

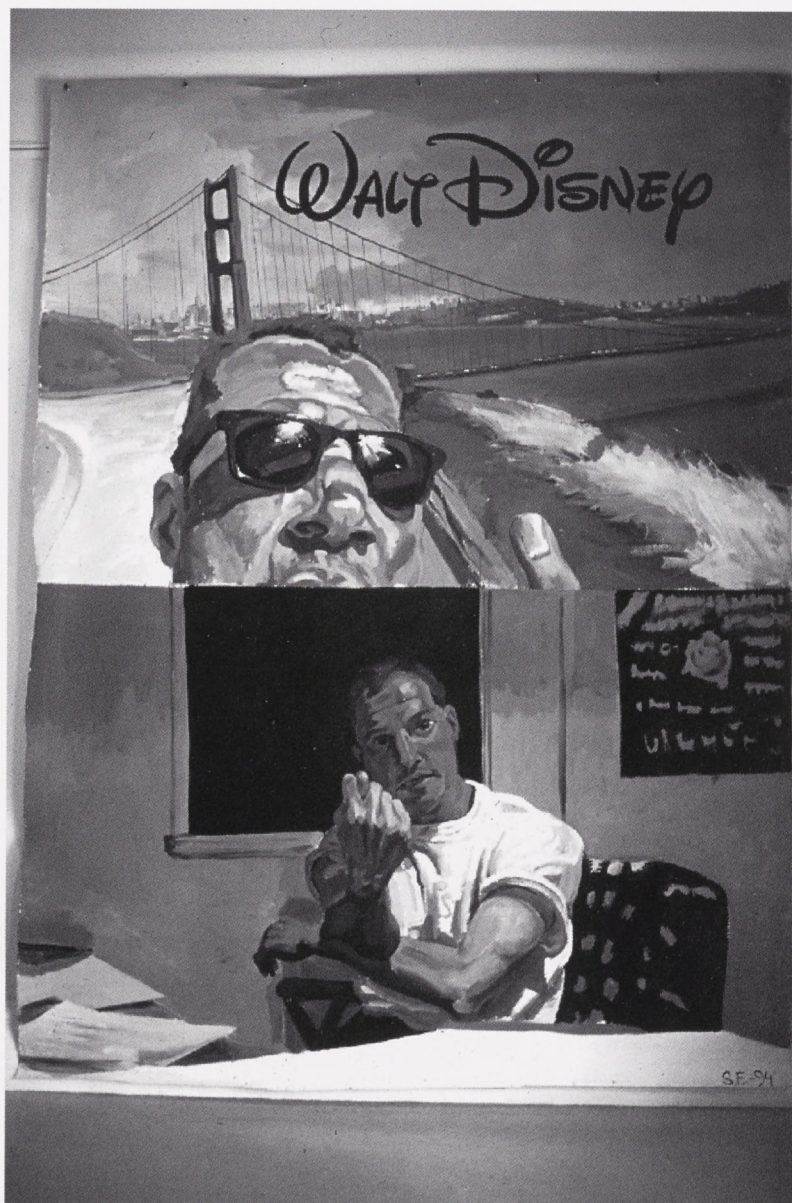
Living in Norway now I have the freedom to do what I want to do. At the same time I feel that my chances of reaching the public and of

being understood by my audience are close to none. This has been the reason to travel a lot and making exhibitions abroad.

At the moment I am working on:

1. a video sculpture project based on the underwater filming of a shipwreck
2. a doll theater performance and scenography based on S. Kierkegaard's text
3. digital photography transferred to silk
4. an outside installation project with caste cotton and photographs

Galina Manikova
Artist-in-Residence
Norway



Painting from the series, *These Foolish Things*.

Things changed quite a bit during the time I spent at Headlands. I deliberately abandoned many of the concepts I had doted on before my trip. My work then dealt a great deal with exploring the traumas of my own childhood. My art was very dark, not only depicting violence and pain, but also some sinister humor that flourishes in the black depths of the psyche. It got to the point where I could not tolerate any color whatsoever in my work, since I associated color with mendacity, and consequently all my work was done in black and white, in order to stay "true." I indulged in horror movies and trash metal music, and fled into some kind of adolescent world of apocalypse and doom.

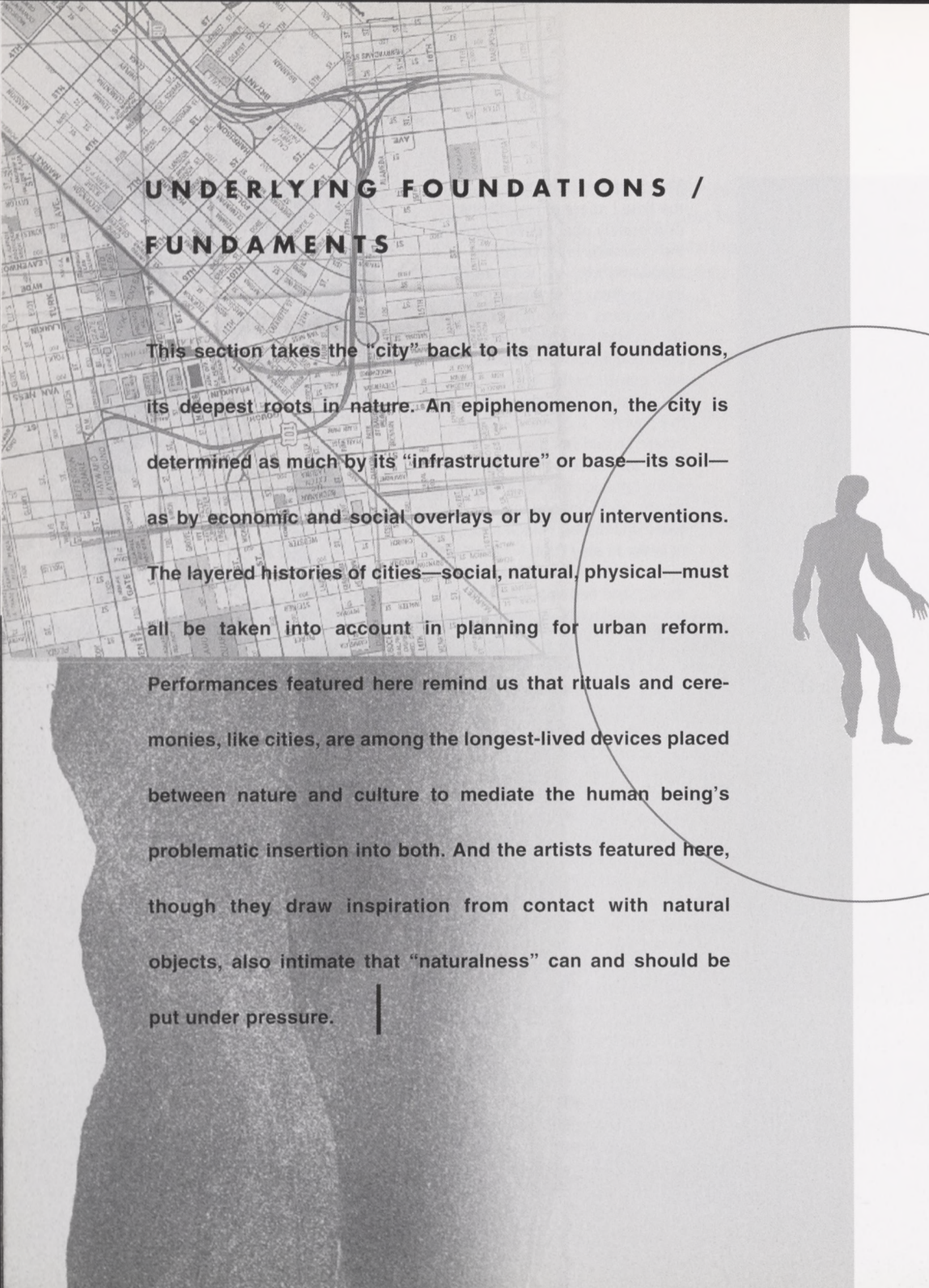
Gradually, though, I felt an urge for a less destructive view of life, with brighter colors and more warmth. San Francisco proved to be the right place for a drastic change. At Headlands I started concentrating on a more naive side of myself. This included not only spitting on a world that I regarded as "fake," but taking the "fake" seriously, ascribing a certain value to it. This way of thinking has led to a situation where I re-approach some of my earliest influences in life, things that surrounded me as a child and as a teenager, in the seventies.

I believe that the fact that we are all living at the end of a century is of extreme importance. I imagine the sense of "not knowing what comes next" to be even stronger



towards the end of a century than at other times, and maybe giving way to that of "not even caring." Someone once told me that living in the nineties is a great excuse for allowing oneself to do whatever one feels like doing. And, yes, at this moment I feel a wonderful freedom to exploit anything and everything that can add something, whatever it may be, to my art and to my life.

Ola Åstrand
Artist-in-Residence
Sweden



UNDERLYING FOUNDATIONS / FUNDAMENTS

This section takes the "city" back to its natural foundations, its deepest roots in nature. An epiphenomenon, the city is determined as much by its "infrastructure" or base—its soil—as by economic and social overlays or by our interventions.

The layered histories of cities—social, natural, physical—must all be taken into account in planning for urban reform.

Performances featured here remind us that rituals and ceremonies, like cities, are among the longest-lived devices placed between nature and culture to mediate the human being's problematic insertion into both. And the artists featured here, though they draw inspiration from contact with natural objects, also intimate that "naturalness" can and should be put under pressure.

Re-Forming Cities

Catherine Brown & William Morrish, Dan Tuttle

September 25, 1994

Lydia Matthews: *Heralded by New York Times architectural critic Herbert Muschamp as "the most valuable thinkers in American urbanism today," the collaborative husband/wife team of William Morrish and Catherine Brown presented their ideas on urban design to a large crowd of practicing architects, designers and students. Principals of the urban design firm CITY-WEST and Professors at the Design Center for American Urban Landscape at the University of Minnesota, they have published extensively on geomorphology and urban forms. The Clinton Administration invited Morrish and Brown to help redefine "infrastructure": they see it as nurturing economic productivity, cultural expression and social equity while preserving and replenishing natural resources in specific locales. Their Headlands presentation emphasized process: they encourage collaborations among designers, town planners and politicians whereby controversies and differences in perceptions can emerge. They advocate the active participation of diverse members of a community in the design planning process, so that the widest set of options may be envisioned. The extensive discussion that followed was moderated by CCAC Professor Dan Tuttle, a landscape architect/planner and Principal of the SWA Group in Sausalito.*

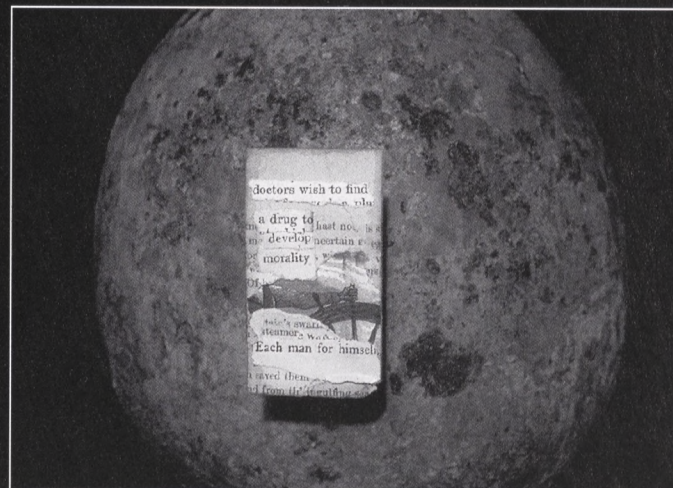
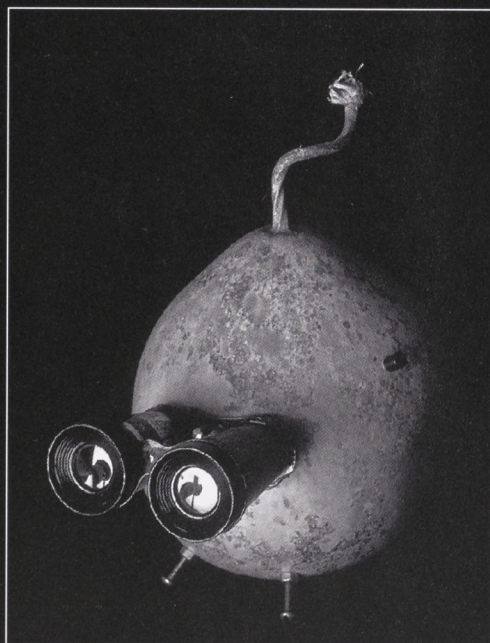
William Morrish: There is no standard solution to the city's problems. There is a local economy, and a local ecology which create local values. Learning what those are is very important. Our world comes from two gathering areas: our imagination and the resources underfoot. We combine those together to make places, taking ecology systems and infrastructures and mixing them together. Landscape and infrastructure must be merged for environmental sustainability. Once, the building held center court, and the infrastructure was secondary. Now, highways and other access-granting structures in our diverse culture are driving and shaping our space, as J. B. Jackson argues in his *Sense of Time and Sense of Place*. While Jackson is not declaring the end of architecture, he is declaring our need to re-analyze what we've been doing for a thousand years. We have to begin again with very basic things, not grand projects, to turn our cities around—not

convention centers, ball stadiums, and so on, but small bridges. The unbolting of California comes from things like closing libraries in San Joaquin Valley counties, which must be most devastating to young kids who want access to information in towns like Madera or Merced.

A great diagram from Mike Davis' pamphlet, *Beyond Bladerunner: The Ecology of Fear*, represents Los Angeles as walling itself up. How do we deal with a community that says, "I don't want those people here?" We still haven't found out who "those" people are—they vary from city to city. So we have to get people to realize just what phobias they have. Drawing them out is literally to break their walls down. One of the simplest ways is taking the planning commission, the city council and the mayor on a bus ride together through their town and have them name ten things that they like and ten things they don't like. It's the first bus ride they'll have had together. Good leaders respond to—rather than create—options presented by the people in the community.

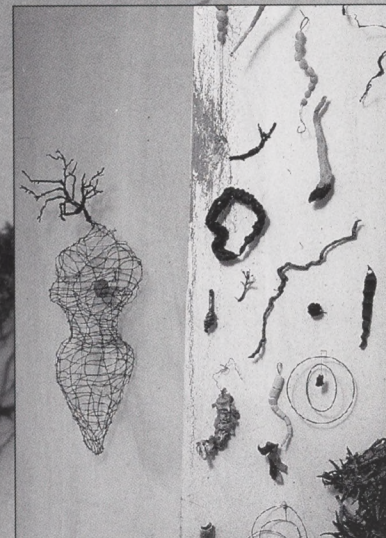
Catherine Brown: In Minneapolis, our collaborative process came about by trying to figure out what natural, cultural, social and financial resources we had to build upon. We assembled lots of information to bring the officials to a point where they could imagine great things. Those officials also showed us things we didn't understand—about funding and implementation and moving things through the legislature. It was a mutually beneficial process.

In addition to the economic, social and demographic information, we revisited what was there before anything was built. Indian trails were a natural response to land forms of the flat plain. We brought historic soil and surveyor maps from the 1800s to remind the task forces of the extraordinary natural resources that sustained a whole economy when the city was first developed. General surveyors maps from 1850, and earlier, recorded all of the original vegetation and prehistoric features. We also went back to early planning documents, when people did dream big dreams about what could happen



Details from *Gourd Cosmology and Tar Personalities*

Jeff Goll
Artist-in-Residence
North Carolina



Installation, Open House

I think the thing that influences me the most immediately is seeing how everybody else approaches and relates to the same situation and environment. How Pedro approaches his work and how Ola does his and their work is very different than mine. I like seeing these differences and I get a lot from that, I learn from those differences. That's one thing that's so wonderful about this place, that you have the ability to connect with other people on many levels and that's really significant.

Cynthia Porter
Artist-in-Residence
Philadelphia

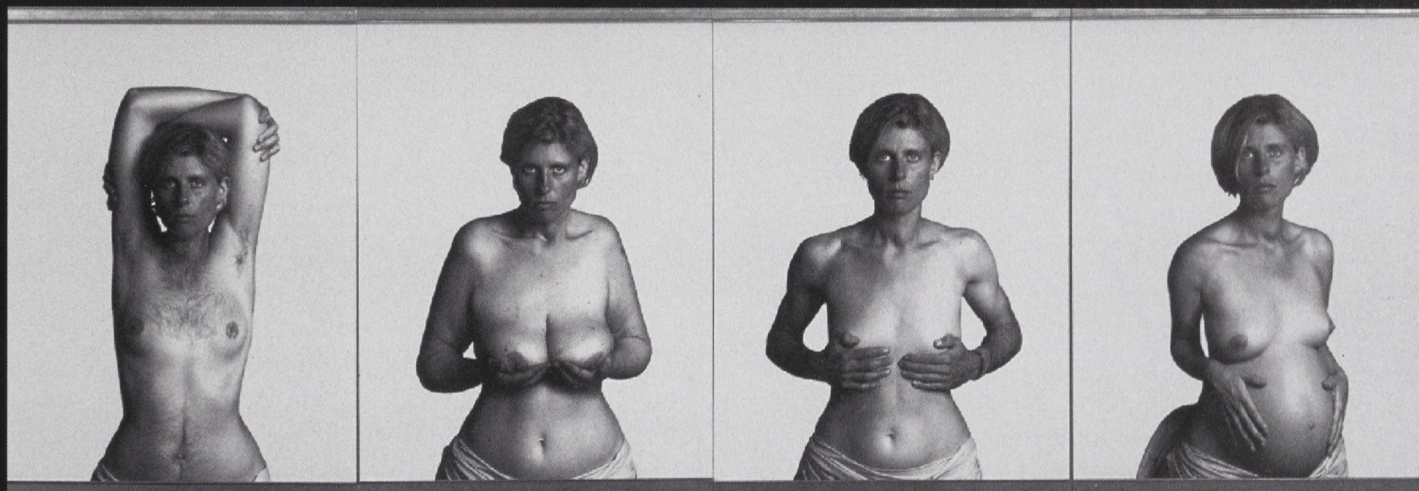
to a city, as when Edward Bennett (who was involved in the planning for San Francisco when it burned) did a plan for Minneapolis in 1912. Records from the county tax assessor's office showed declines in property value. Some areas were doing well, with normal property value increases; others were experiencing real declines. The commission targeted these for renewed amenities, but was getting few tax dollars from them. So they needed to rethink how to reinvest in those neighborhoods. Interestingly, we found that many of the forfeitures in Minneapolis, with boarded-up houses, were where there were the high water table and wet soil conditions. It's no big surprise that over time these homes have been abandoned. They shouldn't have ever been built there in the first place. We opened people's—elected officials'—minds to think, "Maybe it wouldn't be so radical not to rebuild on that soil." Task force representatives adored going through these documents because they learned so much about the place.

Dan Tuttle: What I've heard here is that process is integral to reforming the city. The general plan, ingrained in the politics of California, has begun to focus more on form and product rather than process. We planners want to mold, to shape. The plan must come from the people rather than the politicians. It may be time for the general plan to go its way. You've shown that infrastructure, as it embodies our collective imaginations, offers a larger view of the city and the projects the public and private sectors undertake.

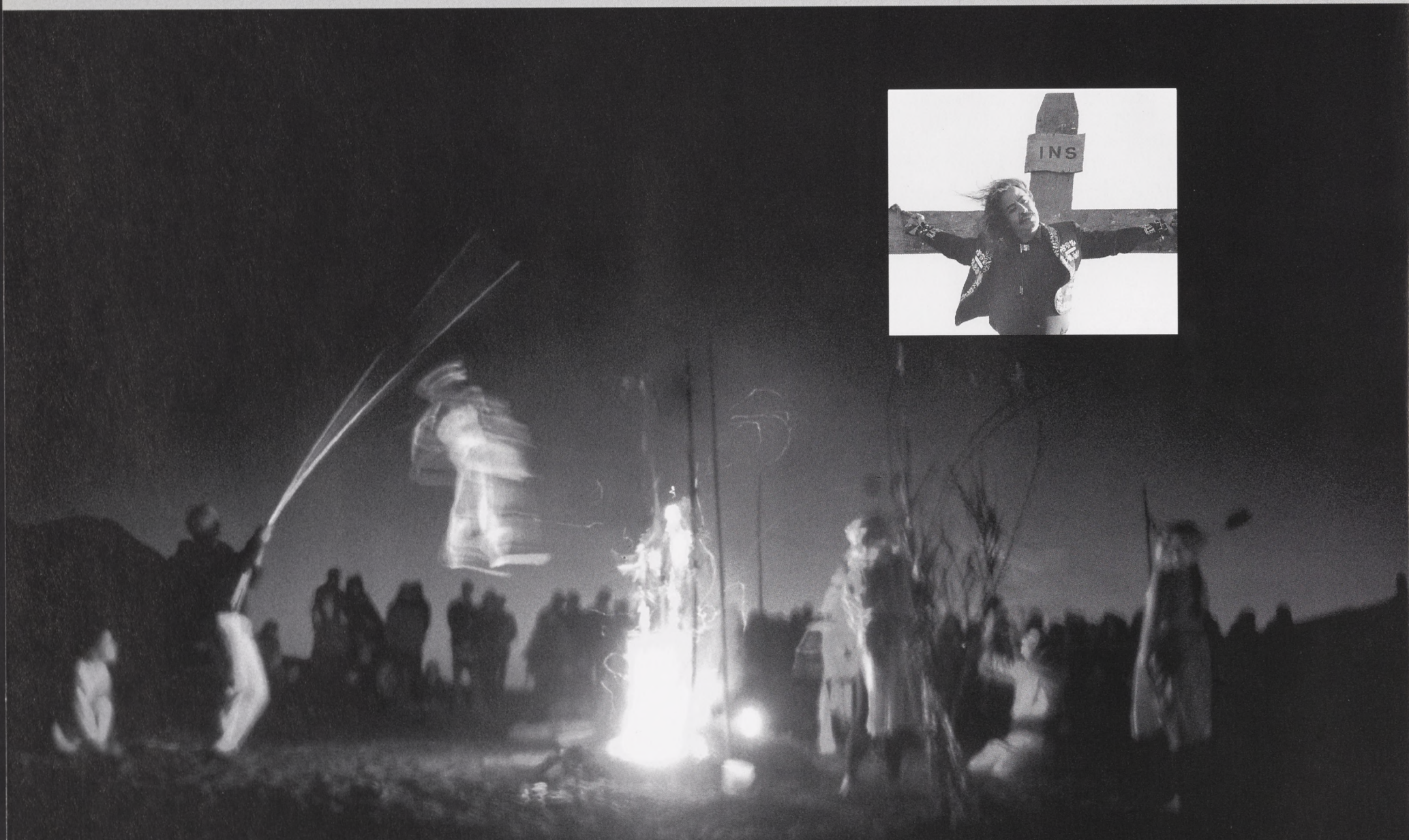
WM: Perhaps California has now outgrown its old method: that powerful cities, powerful leaders deliver good projects.

Transgressed Identities.
(digitally imaged body
composites)

Annica Karlsson-Rixon
Artist-in-Residence
Sweden



P E R F O R M A N C E



A Ceremony of Spiritual Transformation
April 10, 1994

Jose Alarcón, Guillermo Gómez-Peña,
Ernesto Sánchez, Young and Gifted
Children's Choir

Headlands Performances

A Ceremony of Spiritual Transformation

Jose Alarcón, Guillermo Gómez-Peña, Ernesto Sánchez,
Young and Gifted Children's Choir
Co-sponsored by The Mexican Museum
April 10, 1994

The Idea of Risk

Lois Anderson, Wayne Corbitt, Charlie Craddock,
Kevin Gottesman, Gustavo Hidalgo, Christine Hodil,
Jo Kreiter, Bernie Lubell, Please Louise Productions
Valerie Soe, Paul Winternitz
August 21, 1994

Walking the Same Steps...Kyoto 1993/1987

Remy Charlip, Ernesto Sanchez, June Watanabe and John Woodall
October 23, 1994

Comments by René Yañez, Acting Performance Curator

I had three ideas when I went before Headlands Program Committee: a "Good and Bad" show; a "Funny" show, and "Risk." I saw that they'd go more for Risk. But the other two turned out to be *A Ceremony: Spiritual Transformation*, and *Walking the Same Steps . . . Kyoto 1993/1987*. I love ceremonies and rituals. I did Day of the Dead in 1971 because I just feel we need rituals, we need ceremonies, we need to celebrate.

A Ceremony of Spiritual Transformation, co-sponsored by The Mexican Museum, was first. I wanted to do a ceremony, a ritual, something that was spiritual, so I thought about the sunset out by the beautiful Headlands beach. There's no other place in the Bay Area like Headlands. Guillermo Gómez-Peña and I dedicated *Ceremony* to Ann Chamberlain, an artist and former Headlands Program Director, because she was ill. Guillermo, a 1994 Artist-in-Residence, hung out on a cross for

If Crucifixion was still an acceptable means to publicly ridicule and punish the heretics and "public enemies" of the state, who would Governor Pete Wilson crucify?

We all are gathered here at this peaceful beach, one week after Easter Sunday, to participate in a cross-cultural ritual for the end of the century. Unfortunately, ritual in a world in turmoil such as ours, cannot possibly be devoid of political meaning. In the current anti-Mexican climate, politicians and the

mainstream media are blaming migrant workers ("illegal aliens") and Latino youths ("gang members"), for the ills of our society. The politicians are holding up these cultural images as symbols of the decay of "American values," the failing economy, social disintegration and the current crises of national identity.

In biblical times, small time thieves Dimas and Gestas were perceived as public enemies and left to starve to death on crosses, next to Jesus Christ. Nowadays, a

similar punishment is being imposed upon Mexicans and Chicanos with the objective of further disenfranchising these communities. "Tough solutions" (a euphemism for unilateral and authoritarian behavior) to the "problem" (whose problem?) of immigration and crime are being carried out before our very eyes; our access to medical and educational institutions is being restricted; Latino youths are being held responsible for urban crime, and despite the fact that Mexican immigrants are an

essential part of the U.S. economy, they are being persecuted for "stealing our jobs" and "shrinking our budgets." This is but a smoke screen to disguise the government's responsibilities. In other words, these vulnerable communities are in fact being symbolically crucified by the state.

We have decided to expropriate the powerful symbol of the crucifixion and turn it around. We hope to transform an image of public ridicule into one of mourning, martyrdom, transcendence,

and empowerment. We encourage you to free us from our pain, and take us down from these crosses at the end of the event.

Christ is missing today.

Guillermo Gómez-Peña
Artist-in-Residence
Invited National

two hours. It was also the beginning of Prop. 187, so his cross was marked I.N.S., and L.A.P.D. was on Roberto Sifuentes' cross.

Ritual is a kind of stability. But I also wanted to do certain extremes. I also wanted to include the black community. I spent a lot of time checking black choirs, gospel groups in Oakland, in Palo Alto. I decided on The Young and Gifted Children's Choir because I went to an event where they sang, and it was really moving. Many of those kids had never been to Headlands. The people here were really nice to the kids, and to the parents. I liked that. Guillermo Gómez-Peña and I talked over several ideas, and came up with the idea of *Cruci-fiction*. The idea of the crucifixion and the sun going down and the children singing really excited me. People really liked it. They liked it visually.

I told Ernesto Sánchez what my vision was, and he developed a new ritual and performance, *Mask and Puppet Ceremony*. We had to get a fire permit: he made a puppet to be burned. Jose Alarcón's performing group, Foreign Bodies Taiko Drummers also performed.

Then I did *The Idea of Risk*, on August 21. Wayne Corbitt read from his *Crying Holy*. His work is very risky because of what he says. Wayne is an artist who's at risk because he is HIV positive.



The Idea of Risk, Jo Kreiter's Point Blank.

The Christ Killers (Chronicle of a True Story)

In mid-March, 1920, the people of Magdalena Tequisistlán, a small town located 70 kilometers from Tehuantepec, in the State of Oaxaca, watched the arrival of a bearded individual who appeared to be a foreigner and was dressed in sack-cloth. He told them that he was "the true Christ and that he had come to earth again to be crucified and thus to save and redeem humanity from its sins, just as he had already done in Jerusalem."

In the beginning, the locals did not take him seriously. His unkempt appearance, his great belly and his middle-

age did not seem at all Christ-like; but his easy, persuasive talk, together with the fact that he was a doctor and performed some cures among the townspeople, started to bear results. He also boasted constantly of being used to leading multitudes and thus convinced them that he was the Nazarene.

In his first sermons he harangued the people against the men of the cloth and led a group of followers in search of the local parish priest, apparently to lynch him. He took over the church and made it his headquarters, leaving from there to go to the neighboring towns to

continue his preaching and proselytizing.

As the date of his crucifixion approached, he elected among his most faithful followers four "barons" who were to be in charge of all aspects relating to religious offices; two "Pilates" to assure that no dirty or sinful actions were carried out during the days considered "holy;" and two "wardens" who, once the sad part of the Holy Week celebration and his crucifixion were over, would be responsible for bringing in the "glory," the worldly celebration: there was to be dancing, singing and loving. He ordered a local carpenter to make the

cross he was to be nailed to, and he personally oversaw its construction. Likewise, he chose the nails to be used in his sacrifice; they were the kind used on railroads to attach the tracks to the wooden ties. Finally, as a preliminary to his crucifixion, he started to send telegrams to various people and institutions informing them of his decision. One of these was addressed to the most illustrious Archbishop of Mexico, Dr. José Mora y del Rio. None of the telegrams was answered.

On Good Friday, April 2, 1920, early in the morning, José Di Gabrieli wrote his last will and testament to

humanity. Later, surrounded by his closest followers, among whom were those who were to be his executioners, he issued instructions on how the sacrifice was to be carried out. He offered words of consolation, advice and promises of eternal life. He went to the telegraph office and ordered another series of telegrams to be sent announcing that the moment he had been awaiting had finally arrived.

From that office, still in the company of his followers, he went to a small hill on the outskirts of the town that, oddly enough, was known as the "Calvary," and began the ceremony they had all been

waiting for, but which was no less fearsome for all that.

While the telegraph operator, seeing the turn of events, sent a telegram to the authorities of the neighboring town of Tehuantepec, asking them to come as soon as possible and bring the necessary forces to put a stop to what he had come to see as a murder.

In the midst of prayers and lamentation, Di Gabrieli serenely positioned himself on the wooden cross and gave orders for his crucifixion to proceed at three o'clock in the afternoon. Four people carried out his order and, although the nails were hurting the Nazarene

He doesn't apologize for having HIV; he's very direct. I also invited Jeffrey Winters of Please Louise Productions, which had information and passed out condoms and other information about AIDS. I thought they were very personable. They made people feel at ease.

That's one of the reasons I accepted Gonzalo Hidalgo's *First Impressions*. It was outside. He came and brought wine, cheese, bread and set up a blanket outside; he had about four different people sit there, then he would go get people, introduce them to each other, and ask them to walk around with another person. He asked total strangers to have five minute conversations; he had people empty out their pockets. And something happened. People let down their defenses. That really impressed me, because a lot of people in Headlands society seem uptight. I'm trying to figure out a way to do the same thing in my theatrical work. Gonzalo disarmed people, broke something down. Valerie Soe, a 1994 Artist-in-Residence did phobias, *Name Tags: "What's your phobia?"* gave people a chance to talk to each other. Between her and Gonzalo I thought that was a very good tool for breaking the ice.

Charlie Craddock, a surfer dude, had his own surfer aesthetics, better on surfboards than on canvas. I felt that surfers are part of the community and there were surfers in the audience. Charlie did



The Idea of Risk, Gonzalo Hidalgo's First Impressions.

because of their size and shape, he did not so much as moan during his lengthy torture. Meanwhile, the amazed crowd, amid tears and prayers, gazed upon the piteous crucified figure. The cross was stood up and a short time later the alleged savior expired. His executioners hurried to lower him and, with their hands shaking with a very different emotion from the one they must have felt upon crucifying him, they detached him from the cross. They wrapped the body in a sheet, in the manner of the holy shroud and, with great ceremony and respect, took him to the parish church, placing the body on the main altar with the townspeople all

around. Amid tears and prayers, the long wait for the miracle of resurrection began.

When the authorities from Tehuantepec finally appeared, three hours had gone by since the sacrifice. They found the townspeople adamant in their defense of their right to hold a wake over the body and await the miracle of the Messiah's return to life.

And indeed, the miracle took place. To the astonishment of those present, Di Gabrieli revived.

The people's euphoria was irrepressible. The social order of Tequisistlán had

changed considerably: it was the New Holy Land, the New Jerusalem, and no one wanted to give up the honors granted before the crucifixion. Some had even been sainted.

The authorities from Tehuantepec ordered the arrest of the people responsible for the crime of martyrdom by crucifixion in the person of the middle-aged foreigner and asked that they be sent to stand trial in Tehuantepec.

Upon interrogation, José Di Gabrieli gave his name and stated that he was born in Sicily, Italy and lived in Pachuca. He said he was passing through the area;

that he was a widower of 56 years of age; a surgeon from the Facultad de México. In the month of November, 1919, in his motherland, he received orders from the most Holy Virgin of the Immaculate Conception and the Omnipotent Creator that he should be crucified to show humanity the truth of his accusation regarding the murder of his predecessor Pope Pius X by Pope Benedict XV. He asked the Virgin in what part of Mexico he should be crucified and she answered: "in the State of Oaxaca." He set sail in the steamboat named *Gaboise* and, upon his arrival in Veracruz, received orders from the Holy Virgin to take

the name of Jesus of Nazareth and advance toward his fate, which he did.

The authorities could not convince the populace that the foreigner had duped them, that he was not Christ and that there was no resurrection, he had only fainted.

The Mayor managed to negotiate the banishment of Di Gabrieli, to avoid his being sent to jail so that the town could get back to normal once those responsible were released.

On April 15th 1920, José Di Gabrieli was seen off by his followers. The Nazarene walked amid a wall of people as he left the town. Some

burnt incense to bid him farewell; others only had tears and sobs, but most of them offered food and horses to the Messiah, who refused them all, though thanking them for their good will.

Nothing more was ever heard of José Di Gabrieli. In a short time, the town of Tequisistlán went back to normal and no was jailed. The only penance imposed upon the townspeople was to be known henceforth as the Christ Killers.

Moisés Ortiz Urquidí
Artist-in-Residence,
Mexico

a talk and video, *The Risk and Joy of Surfing*. He taught me about the risks of surfing here at the beach. It's very risky because of the pollution - he had the water tested - and it gets so crowded sometimes the surfers run into each other, getting hit on the head, running into seals. Sometimes the cold weather is a real risk. I wanted to relate that to the people around the Headlands.

I thought Bernie Lubell's "confessional booth," *The Furtive Ear*, was good. When he first told me what he wanted to do, I thought, "That's a lot of work." He earned my respect, working weekends and long hours.

Another one that I really liked that I used again for *Rooms for the Dead* because of the reaction I saw people have was Paul Winternitz's *Decomposition*, which had flesh-eating beetles. He got them from the Academy of Science. It sounded gross, but it really wasn't. Paul is a photographer and a very spiritual artist. He came to me with a proposal to cover himself with mud, based on an aboriginal ritual from Australia. I was very moved by him. People here also liked it very much. It was a risk—how would people react? And I really liked the music.

Christine Hodil does these things in Marin where she'll play music from midnight to sun-up



The Idea of Risk, Paul Winternitz's Decomposition.

Soco Gap: Snake Charming in America A Radio Play

Separated at birth from her mobile home, Chance, foundling fatale, is rescued by Lacy and her Hands of Fate. Into the nether world of a roadside freak show she goes, where slithering sleights of hand expose her sideshow life, and demise. This tale is based on the very real viper pit roadside attraction "Soco Gardens," in Soco Gap, Western North Carolina.

In the late 1960's, the milking of rattlesnakes for venom, and for "show," was discontinued at "Soco Gardens" because of the enforcement of animal cruelty laws, and grossly fatal results to the reptiles from the practice. The 40-year-old tourist attraction now does business chiefly as a small private zoo where lions, tigers, bears and an assortment of monkeys and farm animals reside. They come to the Gardens as cast-offs from zoos and households across the United States, either because they overpopulate zoos, or outgrow backyards. But the pit vipers, in the huge, central cavity surrounded by gazebos, refreshment stands and monkey cages, are the magnet,

the thrilling oddity. And there, underneath a deceptively tranquil, fragrant thatch of flowering vines, hundreds of snakes nest and curl in a vast pit of the venomous and benign. A teen-aged girl tends the pit.

Chance:

Preacher, preacher, I declare. You can only live on air. I don't know why you've been told This child's mind's been bought and sold.

Preacher: America is a land of dreams, and the God of American destiny has answered our prayers beyond Jules Verne's wildest imaginings. He has given us domination over the fish of the sea, over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth. But no power is without a price.

Lacy: Saw it all from right here in the pit. On my lunch. Couldn't but shade my eyes from a silver bullet trailer sitting like that so long at the pump. Red truck gettin' fueled in front, long past full-up, and the folks fishing out loud for money to

pay with. Yellin', "You got it, no you got it, now, dammit Honey, look good on the dash." And her stopping in the middle of him hollering, to put on lipstick. Makin' so much noise I'm stopped my tending-to here in the pit. And I lookit across the road at the two of them fussin' while she does her mouth. And nobody noticin' that trailer door openin' and this angel-child stepping out to look around.

Chance:

Free-falling into perilous plunges and Breath-taking flips and spectacular lunges.

Lacy: I watch her a bit, and things quiet down across the road, gas all paid for now, and I turn back to my pit-tending. And that's all I know 'til some time goes by. And that's when I happen to hear this mewling like a cat from across the road. Carries over to me like the sound of road kill not quite dead. Up pops my head from the pit and there's that angel-child just standing there where that truck and trailer used to be, rocking from one leg to the other. Wondering like Lacy where the hell the drivers was at.

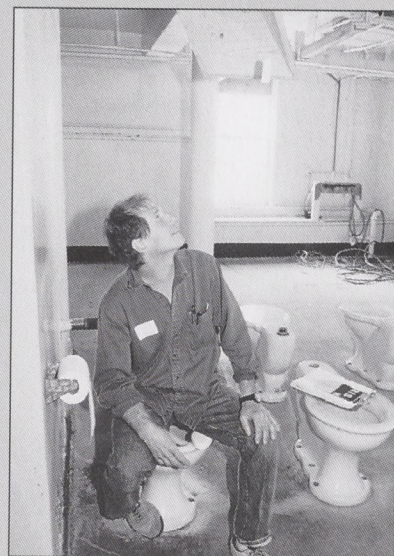
and people dance. I said, "Well, we'll take a risk." She did *The Risk of Improvisation*. There was something about her music that was very haunting.

Jo Kreiter, the dancer, did *Point Blank*, hanging out the window. On the surface, people thought she was really taking a risk. But she knew what she was doing. She rehearsed it. She was very precise. It was a good performance. She had Jim Owen playing music with her. I made it a point to come out a couple of times just to see her rehearse.

Filmmaker Kevin Gottesman was the riskiest in a way, because he was so secretive. In *Risk* he'd filmed some guy jumping out of a plane with a parachute. I thought it didn't look that risky.

Lois Anderson is a librarian in Sausalito who does some "out there" huge altars. She performed *Wedding*. She didn't actually get married, but people thought she did. They said, "Now, that's really risky!"

My last event curated at Headlands was *Walking the Same Steps... Kyoto 1993/1987*, featuring June Watanabe, Ernesto Sánchez, Remy Charlip and John Woodall, who did sound installation. It was a very different kind of event, very beautiful. Remy danced outdoors and in.



The Idea of Risk, Bernie Lubell's *The Furtive Ear*.

Chance:

A hazardous loop and a leap through the air
To the trapeze, where I sit, and comb my hair.

Lacy: My arms been empty too long and my wonderment's
gotten too big to keep me still when there's a child loose and
wantin'. And the Roadside draws the lookers and the disbe-
lievin' but no such thing as good company. So up out of the pit
I go, me heavy in rubber boots, testy 'bout I'm never gonna fin-
ish milking coppers. And as I cross that road she looks over to
Lacy, that small thing still makin' that mouthin' sound like a
dove. And by late day, with her not fetched-for, she's wrapped
up in them arms a' Lacy's. And Lacy and that angel baby girl
child watching valley cars passin' by, headin' uphill.

Preacher: America! The land where dreams come true! But
generation after generation we suffer to discover that the
dream is here to be reached for, and not to be lived in.

The American Opportunity has always tempted us to confuse
the visionary with the real. Yet now, in the height of our power,

we are threatened by a new American menace. It is the men-
ace of unreality! Thy rod and thy staff shall comfort ye who
walk on the treacherous grounds of untruth.

Jump Rope Girls' Chorus:

As I was walking near the lake
I met a little rattlesnake.

Lacy: The chance I take with angel child is the only chance
she has, it looks, at being found. And smaller chance, still, that
that red-mouth mama's comin' back, what never looked back
when the Airstream cradle rocked off without Baby. So.
Chance taken becomes Chance herSelf. (chuckles..) The
name takes. And Chance comes to live with Lacy at the
Roadside. Checkin' out our carnival parts.

Chance:

The great fire-eater, befitting her name,
Lights up a torch and devours the flame.
Cinders and embers she eats with great zeal,
With a small glass of milk to extinguish the meal.

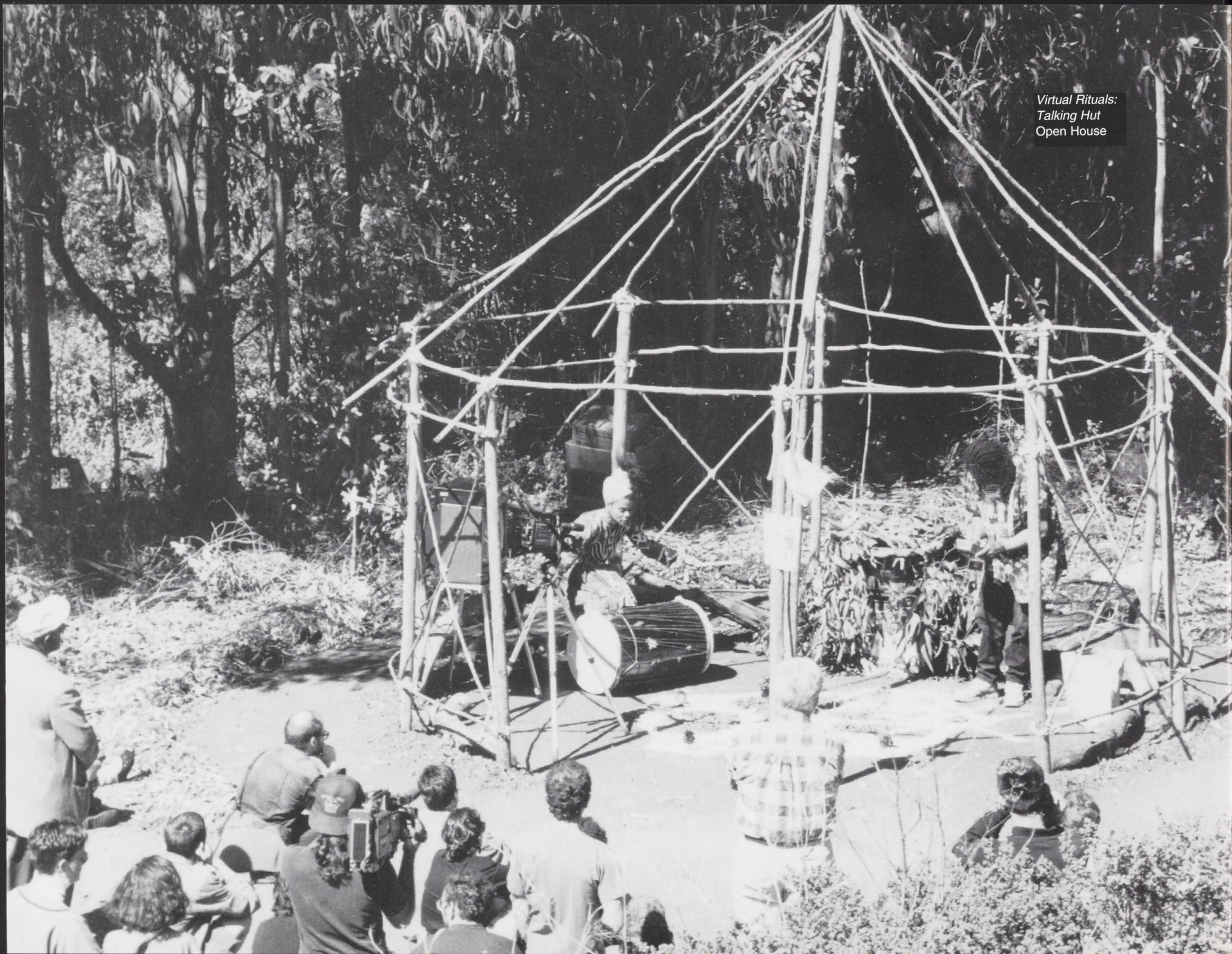
Lacy: Lacy's new pet needs the trailer and the road and the
motion of the two taken OUT of her. So. Into Chance goes my
nursin' self. My milkin'-schooled hands going to mend the
stitch in the side of that child so she can steady herself and
walk straight. Pay ol' Lacy back for the rescue with a little help
of them little hands. Mmmhm. Outta the cradle into the pit.
Them pets knottin' and twisting around your toes will straighten
you up but good. If given the Chance, now.

Preacher: We are the most illusioned people on earth. Yet we
dare not become disillusioned, because our illusions are the
very house in which we live. Our imaginings curl up like smoke
in our house and suffocate us in the rarefied air we dream we
inhabit. The smoke rings us, clouds our vision, takes our
breath away.

Chance:

Ribbons and curls of various sizes
Fly from jiggling juggler's hands.
Snap them and crack them 'til the heads spin.
Juggler catches them where she stands.

*Virtual Rituals:
Talking Hut
Open House*



Virtual Rituals: Talking Hut

As my final Open House presentation during my residency, I created a videophone connection, outdoors, inside an installation construction. *Talking Hut*, a telecommunications art work embodying various contextual forms of communication, is an experimental, virtual ritual, based in part on contemporary issues. It utilized Panasonic/ visual telecommunication system-WG-R2 (black & white slow scan still image videophone) transmissions between

myself at Headlands Center for the Arts and Daniel J. Martinez in Los Angeles (outdoors) located upon the Fourth Street Bridge atop the L.A. River. This project was the start of a year-long telecommunications art project between the two of us from various locations nationally and globally. In this piece, we collaborated with artists Huberto Terrones Esquimel and George Domoanty. The performances addressed the east and west river borders in Los Angeles and were entitled:

Only the Tribes Endure, The View From Cyber Space, and The Revolution Will Be Digitized.

I constructed a dialogue, informed by the physical visual environment, which interacted with the installation of *Talking Hut* as a metaphor demonstrated in edited visuals on a video collage loop, screened on a monitor (an interpretative altar work). There were also live ritual actions (readings and sound works), all of which provided a statement comprising an

investigation by the artist into the African art tradition of "Secrecy" - art that conceals and reveals. It investigated African-American role models and the media, considering the "Others and Otherness" as proverb.

My prior works revolved around the usage of self determination by African people through their ancestral Theology of Orisha Divination: guidance via African spirits in nature. I utilized divination drawings, drawn by painter Matthew

Thomas. The spiritual traditions of Yoruba culture have preserved the mysteries that are known as *awo* in a collection of oral scriptures called *Ifa*. Sound works were by Bay Area jazz musician Calvin Keys. The second work was a performance created by native Nigerian drummers, Najite Agindtan and Omo Ogun. Princess O'Flumelio danced and sang to the spirit of Olorun, owner of the Heavens and the connecting Orisha spirits. This piece was transmitted to a

computer conference in Teluride, Colorado, the start up of The Electronic Cafe, Intl., by Kit Galloway, Sherrie Rabinowitz and Gene Youngblood. Concept: the ancient communicate to the new virtual cyber space.

Ulysses Jenkins
Artist-in-Residence
California

Actuality from Soco Gardens.....

Lacy: So the rest of us here at the Roadside take Chance. She can stay as long as Lacy works her into the act, and don't make-a her a pet, too.

I take off my rubber boots that first night of my angel baby child, and look down at her. The truth of my new pet, lying dead asleep in the blanket heap on my bed, strikes Lacy hard like bare feet on a concrete floor

I stand up in that absolute darkness, and suddenly feel noosed, like I'm tangled in the coppers on the floor of that damn pit. I cannot walk. Cannot figure the vertical of myself. I feel along the wall, and slide damp-handed into my bed. Lacy sleeps. Eyes wide open.

Jump Rope Girls:

Natrix, Natrix, Colubridae! (european water snake)
Crotalus Horridus...My oh My! (timber rattler)
Lapropeltis Triangulum (milk snake)

Into Herpetarium!

Lacy: Roadside works angel child into the act. Lacy needs the help, and angel child needs a lookout. I take my new baby into my pit, put her on the ledge above my pets. Keep her high by my head, and my pets curlin' down by my feet. Roadside Boss does the paperwork, runs the hire-lines of what-who-when for the legal look of it. Lacy, dutiful, fills the room up with questions bigger than that baby's disappeared mobile home. Her answers as far gone as what's shot out of Big Top cannons.

Chance:

I set them out for tell, and show
The folks just what they dread to know.
The jewel eyes close and shifting yet
A freezing glare of intellect.

Lacy: And that angel child comes on the job as my able baby pet tender. And when the drive-bys pull into the Roadside, and come into our gardens for the Cokes and the show, they gonna see an angel holding up them coppers like freak show fingers

on those baby hands.

Chance:

I do what comes into my head
Roll over, skip, jump rope, play dead.

Lacy: No phone calls from the Airstream. Family truck and trailer hitch go up the road, and down in the pit goes Chance. Now Baby Child in boots jumps rope over rattling rope. Now, our Roadside Chance plays hopscotch over open mouths, triangles never closing on them little red rubber heels. Rolling and jumping and hopping in the pit with that old swamp nest of curly pets.

And the Roadside draws the crowd like never before, 'cause the Angel Child has charmed us along the railing up above who watch her play. And those ribbons down below curl and uncurl in an equal fascination, cuz they watchin' her, too. And she steps not on them, hopping over them shiftn' lines of dark and light.

Preacher: So we must look upon the ground to see our very selves since we take shape in the dark cast upon the earth.

Children, you must watch your step. Do not step upon yourself.

Lacy: The deep and the wide of the pit is the size of her world. And the distance she travels since comin' like she done to Lacy is no bigger than the span of my spread arms. It's her "handedness" with them pit tendrils that has set angel Chance apart from us who manage carnival parts different. The coin toss works its crowd magic inside the palm, the barker waves them in, the rides—strong-armed into motion—just a wrist-snap to the gears! And the clown-headed pulls the lookers through the tents 'til the show is over. But the baby's hands play cat's cradle with diamond-back skins, dodge tongues that sting like needles. Like pins for bowling, serpents part and fall as she strides through the mass o' them. Like a hymn that pulls fallen bodies up to sing, the anvil heads rise and bob—squares and circles and broken rings.

Jump Rope Girls:

Sidewind, serpentine, undulation. Concertina adulation!

Lacy: She's as unhitched as that trailer should have been 'stead of its hauling her up that road from where the hell ever. And her crazy as the two of them what's driven off, one-way from the looks of it. No suck and pull on her of memory about them who left her. Too little to know or too crazy to care? And us here at Roadside hear over and over her little mouth crumbs about some kinda Big Top our angel's caged herself up in.

Chance:

They strike, then stare into my eyes.

I'm not afraid. I'm twice their size.

Then, docilely, a jump and skip

Beware, the curl of Ringmaster's whip.

Preacher: We make, we seek, and finally we enjoy, the contrivance of our earthly experience. Yet we fill our lives not with the life lived in the soil, but the belief we live above it. Children, real life is formed from how we shape the clay. Real life is how we live and play in the dirt.

Lacy: She doesn't come to Lacy at night any more. Doesn't come out from the hole in the ground. Doesn't look up at the faceless faces that pull up to the roadside, looking down inside the pit where reptile rope tricks stop the hearts and suck the



Soco Gap: Snake Charming in America, Open House



breath out of the drive-bys. Her hands movin' always faster than them tongues that strike out for kissin' or killin'. Her hands a maniac's mirage. Lacy's lost the lasso on a child what's come outta nowhere to steal hearts and pure logic from a side show 'a snake watchin'. Lacy's only power part is linin' up the lookers while Chance lives in the pit. And her down there weaving, looping, ringing, tossing, double dutchin, tying knots in the eye a' the needle, and not dyin' in trying, but farther and farther from life above her where, now, we all watchin' and waitin' for tricks to end.

Preacher: It is invention. It is not discovery. It is the exotic world beyond our ken. It is our failure to elude the den... of shadows.

Chance:

And owls digest the mice to lumps.
And snake gulp turns them into bumps.
Skin red, eyes moonstone, milky-blues.
I offer handfuls, let them loose.

Lacy: Baby's face is a voyage Lacy don't have the courage to attempt. Them angel child eyes are starting off on that unfinished trip what left her off here with me.

And in the lines of them rope tricks, she orients herself to the only place that matters: a intersection of Chance and serpents. And just like that she ebbs and she flows from Lacy on her snake surge. And watchin', Lacy feels like a house comin' apart. For the child sees nothin' but what's at her feet. And the tricks she turns are not for us above.

Preacher: And now there is but the occupation of a land so unknown and uncontrived that the borders shrink and fade, loom and linger like imaginary movements of the mind. And the writhing jungle is penetrated by one who carries the rod and follows the path from dark to light.

Jump Rope Girls' Chorus:

Oviparous ectothermic.
Tongue's a needle hypodermic.

Lacy: Each day she's gone it's another board pulled outta my wall.

Day is night and night is day. And time is not a straight line but them writhing paths that twist and turn my angel baby deeper into that hole in the ground, time and time again. She's not movin' through time. It moves through her. And she is lost to it

and does not notice the distance between where she was above, and where she is below.

Chance:

Their glassy optic bulbs can hold
The gaze that peers into the cold
Chamber, where tricks are mirror-wise
And doubt's struck down by emerald eyes.
Rim of darkness devours light
Which during day reveals the sight
Of what Chance now performs by night
(See how I arrange the ribbons tonight?!)

Jump Rope Girls' Chorus:

Black snake, green snake
Turn around.
Python, moccasin, touch the ground.

Lacy: Mmm hmm.

Lacy's just a house in pieces, wheeling in a whirlwind suck,
without any Chance. Lacy spins up, and the angel child spins
down in rivulets of reptile. Holdin' their bodies like jumper
cables! And only their movement brings Baby to life. Each
strike at my angel child? She is a struck match. And the
burnin' smokes up the pit beyond seeing or believing.

Jump Rope Girls:

Oh my goodness, oh my soul!
There goes Chance right down the hole!

Lacy: Lacy's state of mind is lowering with each new level of
the pit my rope walker and her rattlin' riggin's reach. Each
trick, each strike takes the river of them down. And as the rim
above them gets higher with the pinwheel carvin' of the soil
below, Lacy unmakes what little Chance she had inside her-
self.

Chance:

I set them out for final show,
Like coiled ropes that hold or tow.
Rim of darkness devours light.
Voices drift down faint tonight.

Preacher: Children, now remember. Real life teaches us how
to shape the clay. Real life is learning to live and play in the
dirtin that Ophidian Valley.

Chance:

Jewels in a handful, we flee. So flicker
Diamond Eyes, go quicker, quicker!

Jump Rope Girls:

As I was walking near the lake
I met a little rattlesnake.

Sidewind, serpentine, undulation.
Concertina adulation.

Lacy: Ringmaster steps into the ring.
Eyes following, eyes start imagining.
Ribbons and curls of various sizes
Fly from Jiggling Juggler's hands.
Snap them and crack them 'til the heads spin.
Juggler catches them where she stands.
She sets them out for tell, and show
The folks just what they dread to know.
The jewel eyes close and shifting yet
A freezing glare of intellect.

She does what comes into her head:
Roll over, skip, jump rope, play dead.
And owls digest the mice to lumps.
And snake gulps turn them into bumps.
Skin red, eyes moonstone, milky-blues.
(She offers handfuls, lets them loose.)
Tinsel zircons, murky turquoise
Slide inside dark world. No noise
Comes from where they flee, and flicker,
Diamond Eyes. Go quicker, quicker!
Up above and down below
A sea of faces wants to know
What holds the child in such a trance?
Luck won't run out. So why should Chance?
Their glassy optic bulbs can hold
The gaze that peers into the cold
Chamber, where tricks are mirror-wise
And doubt is struck down before emerald eyes.
Rim of darkness devours light
Which during day reveals the sight
Of what Chance now performs by night
(See how she arranges the ribbons tonight?!)
Round and round and round she goes.
Where she stops nobody knows.

The viper pit sands shifting yet
Above a hole of gaping jet.
Rim of darkness devours light.
Voices drift down; faint tonight.
Rope tricks bore into the sand
As Ringmaster rides down a last command:
Jewels in a handful, we flee. So flicker
Diamond Eyes, go quicker, quicker!

Epilogue: I was bit by a diamondback rattler when I was
seven. And I got to keep the skin and rattles. I hung them on
my wall for years. That way, the dragons can't come through.
The Christian Bible tells us that the snake is Revelation. I call
my inner snake Sophia.

Snakes? Funny you should ask.

End.

Susan Stone
Artist-in-Residence
Bay Area

Open Space as Common Ground

Walter Hood, Karl Linn, Sheila Levrant de Bretteville,
Laurie Lazer & Darryl Smith
April 24, 1994

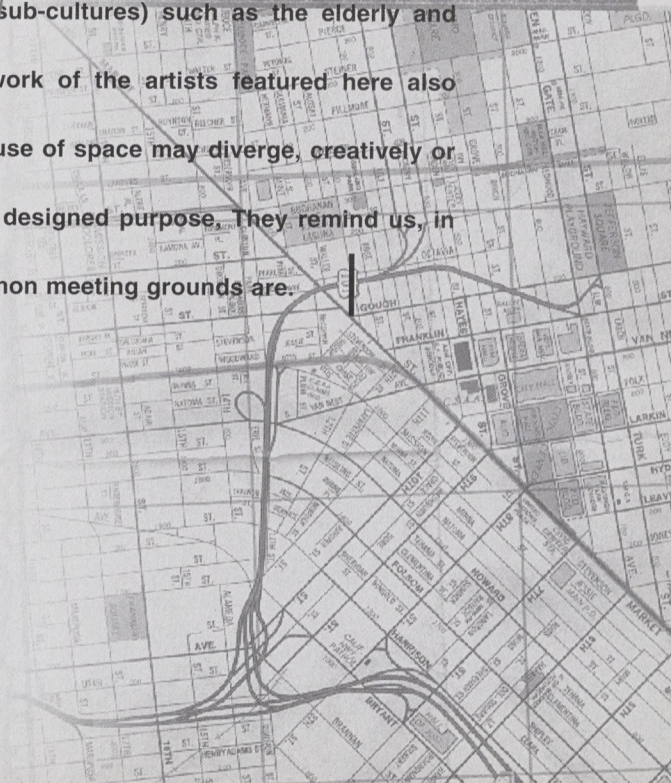
Lydia Matthews: *Open space, shared by those who live and work in surrounding neighborhoods, comes at a premium in the city. Designing urban plazas for the character and needs of a specific community can transform physical spaces into vital, sustainable social and ecological spaces. Our speakers presented case studies of neighborhood commons in cities across the country, and included talks by Karl Linn, a community activist and design pioneer who co-founded the Urban Habitat Program of Earth Island Institute, and Walter Hood, a rising star in the field of multicultural design theory and Professor of Landscape Architecture at UC Berkeley. Also speaking were Sheila Levrant de Bretteville, a distinguished graphic designer who co-founded the Women's Building in Los Angeles and is currently Chair of the Design Program at Yale University, and Laurie Lazer and Darryl Smith, a team of artist/cultural workers who founded the 509 Cultural Center/The Luggage Store in San Francisco's Tenderloin. Questions they all raised included: what kinds of design plans encourage residents to gather to share common ground? Is it possible to shape space to allow the experience of a sense of community? How do you transform a site into a place where people feel they belong?*

Karl Linn: The closer you come to the thick of a neighborhood, the smaller the open space, and the more complex the demands on its uses. Urban crowding has become the culprit for violence and fear. But the real culprit is lack of familiar contact: when your neighbor is a stranger, you're afraid. A neighborhood commons can create a sense of community among people who live in cities under very crowded conditions. City open space must be combination park, playground, and commons. In planning, we need to figure out how to develop extended family living within a city block based on neighbors and on intergenerational support among the different age groups there. For example, young people in their teenage years are a real energy center. My vision of the viable neighborhood block is one where teenagers would occupy the corner building, because they want to get away from their parents and make all the noise they want.

Commons in early society provided a place for people to till land and develop a self-sufficient economy. Once commons became enclosed, people were chased off the land and

UNCOMMON GROUND

This section treats the urban from the standpoint of social differences, not as harmonized and homogenized, but as distinctive and worthy of commemoration in art and design. It deals with sub-cultures, lost histories, the need for a common ground where differences can meet. It also highlights the need for "special" spaces for sub-groups (as distinct from sub-cultures) such as the elderly and women. But the work of the artists featured here also warns us that the use of space may diverge, creatively or tragically, from its designed purpose. They remind us, in short, how uncommon meeting grounds are.





Path of Stars, Public Art Project for
New Haven's Ninth Square, 1994.
Sheila Levrant de Bretteville



Model of *Drive Through
Brothel/Urban Diaries*.
Walter Hood

a whole different kind of tremendously exploitative social structure developed. I have a personal and practical overview of the value of "the commons." When I began teaching at the University of Pennsylvania in the late 1950's, I took my students to village homes that had their own private yards, but also common areas. The buildings fit so that their front faced gardens with a continuous pathway. Vehicular and pedestrian traffic were separated. In Philadelphia, by contrast, where single-parent families had their hands full, we saw children playing in front of cars on the streets. Parks and playgrounds were too far to be accessible. We saw how vital it was to create an open space in the block—a commons.

Land restoration requires many people to work cooperatively and intensively. An urban environment can be transformed very rapidly: put a mural on a wall, and things change. The trouble is, rapid transformation also makes neighborhoods highly vulnerable to gentrification. Rich and poor, people from different backgrounds, might work together, but "sweat equity" usually accrues to the benefit of white, middle class, professional homeowners. People of commons are usually tenants. However, a wonderful opportunity to develop a whole new model of democracy can come from urban restoration. Imagine Berkeley, say, establishing something like "Partners for Parks" to develop a city-wide support system for environmental self-help. The city could make grants available in small amounts so

different organizations could develop community-based nurseries. People could learn skills, earn money and, as time goes on, plants could be sold, for example, to the people who lost so much in the Oakland Hills fire. We would have equalized a little bit the economics that so separate just right now.

Sheila Levrant de Bretteville: I wanted very badly to be defined by being a citizen of my city, New Haven, not just by Yale, where I get my paycheck. So, when a request for proposals came out, I was one of five people who each got \$100 to make one. I bet my life on mine: it was my bid for belonging in the city, for telling New Haven, "This is who I am, and this is who I am in my work." It showed what I thought should happen in a long-decimated part of New Haven that doesn't have a neighborhood, the most commercial part of the city furthest from the University, closest to the bay. Working people made it. Quite simply, I wanted to put stars into the ground at its edges to narrate the story of the workers: to connect the city's past, present, and future. I hoped that a person would read one narrative and become so hungry for more, they would walk 15 feet to the next star, and the next. I was going for the notion that the streets would eventually fill with people who didn't have to be bused in. In each star I put the name of a person and the day they started working or living in the square. The criterion was at least ten years. It was best if my 'stars' were in their 80's, 90's or dead, so I

wouldn't have to deal with the feelings of anybody in the present.

I needed narratives that addressed different communities. Each community thinks its history is *the* history. White Anglo-Saxon Protestants in New England, with a well-funded New Haven Colonial Historical Society, really know their past, and it's their stories that have come down. But they are also the very people who have left the city for the suburbs. I wanted them to have to come back to this area to find their stories. I also wanted the people currently in the neighborhood to want to be there. We need both.

For narratives, I went to senior citizens' centers. They have lots of memories. I went into all the stores. I spent a lot of time in a particular bar where laborers have a drink around nine. Karl is no longer alive, but his son is there running the bar. His star says: "Karl had several businesses over the decades in 9th Square, among them a single-room occupancy boarding house, home to retired laborers. These men rose at four, eating breakfast at Kresge's. All are sons, fathers and brothers of someone, and, for each other, they were a community in the neighborhood." I am hoping when someone reads this they'll

get a sense of who was actually there in the 70's. Developers would just as soon forget such stories.

I am not looking for transformative, exalted experience; I am looking for resonance—so that "your" life and "theirs" have something in common. I am trying to hold on to the plurality of voices that are part of our history. I figure that my contribution is to create structures that will do so. I am interested in memories, not nostalgia—the, "Oh, it was better when the valley had all the orange trees," or "all the department stores." I am looking for what is essentially sustained, to leave concrete representations of people's lives and of the structures inside me—in my heart—that I am trying to make visible. I want what I make to be there for a long time. I was devastated to learn concrete disintegrates in 1000 years. Making—the actual doing of things with our hands—has a great deal of meaning for us as artists and designers. I am making stars.

Walter Hood: Reproducing the past is a symptom of the postmodern. Through habit, risk or chance, we end up redoing the past, falling into the trap of producing "conservative"—relying on

Tag

The woman is sitting in a motel room with her legs hanging over the bed. The man she's only just met sleeps, his face to the wall. She sees yellow carpet, his shoes under the table, one white sock, and her own fancy underwear.

Outside, the sun is coming up.

The woman is most comfortable after cups of tequila and, if it weren't for huge diseases, would sleep with strangers more often. Unlike most women she knows, evenings with men she's only just met do not frighten her. And mornings are interesting. She likes to watch them, the

men, as they drink their coffee, one of them squirming, one of them guilty, twirling the ring of his finger—another proud, beaming with his bad skin, lifting his coffee cup high. The ones who invite her to eggs and toast would probably call; it means they can eat and look at her. The ones who curl into corners or leave in the night are more like her. It is nothing to brag about.

Earlier the woman left her apartment with two condoms in her bag.

She sprayed her neck with Poison at the door.

She took a train to another town.

The woman remembers once, a few years ago, a friend of hers commenting that women are lucky. The least attractive of you can go out and get sex anytime you want, he said, envious.

In bed, the man jumps a little in his sleep. That something frightens him makes her want to touch him, but she resists. She has learned some things. Before the woman learned some things, she might have moved towards the man, and while he was sleeping she might have pressed her breasts into his back, and left them there, like that—her breasts against his moles and hairs while he slept. Instead, the woman

watches the man jump a little and does not move.

Years ago, when the woman's friend said, The least attractive of you can go out and get sex anytime you want, the woman had the urge to lift the checkered napkin from her lap and cover her face with it. She remembers fighting the urge, lifting instead her wine, taking a big drink. She remembers holding the wine in her mouth a full minute before swallowing. She remembers letting him talk.

They were just friends, co-workers, out to dinner on payday. They were at an Italian restaurant on 2nd Street, and the man was saying that he needed sex, that

he needed sex in a way she didn't, that he thought friends should be able to have sex, just sex, and leave it at that.

We should be able to have sex, he said, when the wine was finished. You and me, we should be able to do it. He was looking at her intently.

She was saying, No, but inside she was wondering where she stood on his attractiveness continuum. She hated herself for wondering, for giving him that. No, she said.

See, you don't need it the way I do. Women are different, he said.

At 8:00 a.m. the man sings

out a yawn and the woman is sitting in a plastic chair by the window watching twin little boys in the parking lot. They scream and laugh, running through the lot. One boy chases, and the other boy runs from him. Because they are twins and dressed alike, the woman watches closely to see who is chasing whom. She wants to know, she wants to understand the game. It is impossible however; they are identical. Every time she blinks or pauses she is confused.

One boy crouches behind the huge metal trash bin, hiding. He is panting, curling himself, his little body into a fist. She can see him perfectly from the window. The other boy

the known—interventions. We are designing for how we think people should use space, instead of designing from our observations and research. We bring in our own cultural package and create self-imposing, value-based interventions. If instead we drew non-judgmental design implications from our own data, our environment would reflect the differences we see around us: a true multicultural landscape would unfold. To acknowledge difference requires an open-ended design process, one without preconceived forms, structures, or furnishings. This is really hard for the average designer because so much stuff in our minds—today's magazine, design awards, *Home and Garden*, something down the street—comes out when we start to work. Still, you must allow differences to come out. Layer them into your design. But first you have to see and notice those differences.

Real multiculturalism is undermined through assimilation. Current design practices have created a system that outlaws diversity even if we want it. We tend to force use and behavior as if we were a homogeneous people. We mainstream everyone to one way of life—as in the developer-driven suburban landscape and romantic small, four-to-ten-acre parks. The layout of sites, furnishings, land

forms, plant material and its arrangement, has become so alike that different cultural groups think they can be accepted into society only if they acquire the tastes and patterns of this “standardized” life, no matter how little it relates to them.

Standardization really sets the trend. I read a magazine article about a landscape architect who went into the city to take over lost space, a gang-infested neighborhood in Chicago. I really applauded this designer for going in. They didn't say whether the designer was Latino, white or black, but it came out as I read the piece. This person had gone into the community and gelled together a group of gang members. They took over and started “barn raising” in the community. Then I looked at the images on the drawing page. There was a picture of a Victorian gazebo, with little white flower beds around it! I started thinking, “Where is this image coming from?” Did the gang guys come up with this? Had they really claimed their own space or were outside attitudes coming in to define something for them?

For the past couple of years, I've been trying to define the term “multiculturalism” at the University and in the community where I work. As practitioners, landscape architects, architects, plan-

runs between parked cars, searching. His mouth hangs open. It is a big job, this search. Within minutes, he finds his twin and slaps the boy's shoulder. Then, the boy whose shoulder was slapped fills with a new energy; he is now it.

Tag, she tells the man, pointing to the window.

The boys wear matching yellow sweaters and little jeans. They look around seven. The woman is thinking about turning thirty next month and how she's never loved any man enough. Cute boys, she tells the man, and then she's suddenly embarrassed, afraid the man will think she

wants boys of her own, afraid he'll feel pressured by her comment, afraid he'll think she wants him, after just one night, to give her little boys.

He sits up in bed, calls her to him by waving the blankets. She notices the hair on his fingers.

In the sheets she opens her mouth and legs. It is here, like this, that she can tell the man with her hot skin that she likes him. He is moving and she is moving and she is listening to the little boys' high voices. They could almost be girls. One little boy screams: Mother Fucker, and the woman hears him, clearly, while the man of top of her

takes her ear in his mouth.

Let's take a shower together, he says, smiling.

The woman shakes her head.

Yes, the man says, let's take a shower together.

She tells him that showering together is not what she does, that showering together is too much, that she will not stand up naked with a bar of soap in her hand—not with him.

What do you think we just did? the man says.

And she tells him that she is not sure, she is not at all sure what she did.

He walks to the bathroom alone, and the woman sees he is angry—his butt clenched into two fat fists.

Minutes later, he stands with a towel around his waist and another around his neck. His chest is wet. He looks somewhat recovered.

The boys are still out there, he says at the window.

Hmm?

The boys, the boys you were watching. The cute ones.

They're not so cute, she says.

I want to take you to the train station, he says, want to see you off, get your number. Do you want eggs? You hungry?

She shakes her head, reaches for her shoe.

He holds the towel in both hands, and pulls one side, then the other, rubbing the back of his neck. She thinks this is attractive—the way he moves the towel. She smiles at him.

Come here, he says. Stand here, look at the boys with me.

The woman goes to the window, stands there with the man, looking at the little boys, holding her shoe in her hand. She is about to ask the man something: his last name, how he feels about the war, if his parents are still alive. Something. She is

about to ask him something when the little boys start fighting. One boy punches the other boy in the face. Hard. They are on the ground, rolling around, pulling each other's hair. They are screaming. One boy is crying. Or they both are. And then a father or maybe an uncle stands above the boys, says something the woman cannot make out, and the boys stop fighting. They are fixing their little jeans when the woman turns from the window.

Lisa Glatt
Artist-in-Residence
California

ners, we are often called upon as a matter of course to design in a context of multiculturalism: in urban projects, typically in ethnic neighborhoods, where social, economic and physical infrastructures have continually eroded.

How can we understand and celebrate multiculturalism in the landscape? The familiar. Now, what is familiar to me might be totally unfamiliar to you. Designers have to begin to understand differences and bring them to the interventions we do. It might be a table, a chair, how I socialize in a given space, how I eat—but we have to understand what we're practicing. We're building, we're creating good spaces, and as landscape architects, we have to think about the natural setting in our compositions. It is not a linear process: you don't know where you might end up. To me, it's like making music. You start out, you have a plan, but you don't know where you're going, and you hope human action, people, will take you somewhere else.

This is my plan for an open space in West Oakland, dealing with five different things: gardening; drinking beer; recycling; being in love; and just being a great place to play. These things are layered on top of one another so that when people come to the space, it has meaning, because there are patterns. There is a love hut. You go up with your lover, and you sit and you kiss, in view of everyone, and you can see everyone else. The left, the shed, is basically the place where you bring your shopping cart through in the middle of the night, because the city doesn't really like you doing this. You go through people's recyclables, you put them in your cart and you go off. In the morning, we come out and we grab our orange bins and set them out for the city. There is a row of seats here: you go to the corner store, get your beer, come back, and sit in beautifully-designed seats. And there is a place for gardening.

Someone asked me, "What if you were to see illicit activity and really designed for these things?" You have to see clearly what is going on. In my neighborhood, prostitution is a really big event. It occurs on the street. Well, here is a proposal for a drive-through brothel. It is based on the male/female symbols. You bring your car through, deposit your money, and it closes for 15 minutes. This is not a real intervention, but it makes it visible what's there. To a lot of people, prostitution is invisible, but it's something we have to really deal with.

Misconceptions of multiculturalism: I am often called upon as a black landscape architect to define my people as though I am a spokesperson. Rather, I am a landscape architect whose culture and community help define and direct my work. A limited view of multiculturalism really worries me. I see several dangerous trends. One, it suffocates cultural identity in a limited gesture of forced pluralism. While the intent of pluralism is to incorporate diverse cultural and ethnic, religious and racial groups while maintaining autonomous participation in development, the term "multiculturalism" lacks the rigor to address, support and cultivate values of different cultural groups. Autonomy is recognized as separatist cultures are left out of conservative consideration. This in turn perpetuates the

amalgamation of all groups into clean, definable packages. Multiculturalism just becomes a list, a cultural fair itinerary in which the different pieces are just given names without the opportunity for a dialogue and a real definition.

Multiculturalism defined from the outside: The dominant establishment itself asserts the theme for multiculturalism. In 1991, the California census reported that 43 percent of the state's citizens are minorities. That population survey informs the dominant establishment of their fate—to become a minority among a diverse group of people. So, you now see this phrase "multiculturalism" in newspapers and national magazines. In Sacramento, California, I was talking to someone who said, "We're doing a multicultural park. What do you think?" And I'm going, "What is a multicultural park?" A lot of cities across the country are building them: you take a piece of land, you take all of your people of difference there, you give them each a little space, they can do their little icons, and you satisfy them. Is this really embracing the ideal of multiculturalism? I don't think so.

Multicultural appropriation: In 1925, Alain Locke stated in *The New Negro* that when America tired of being a cultural province of Europe, it turned to the artistic developments of native things. Among the most distinctive were the folk things of the Negro which prejudice had isolated from the American mainstream. Ethnic material culture, music, linguistics and even the cultural identification of Native Americans, Afro-Americans, Amerasians have all been disregarded, or adopted, validated and standardized within American culture. Sometimes these elements come into fashion and are made acceptable to us as a larger population: today, popular tourist destinations like Seattle, Taos, Hawaii, celebrate the aboriginal material culture—but only after the horrifying events that have taken place in the past. Ethnic communities in cities have been sought after, gentrified into urban enclaves created by their unique qualities within a new metropolitan homogeneity—an "acceptable" use of multiculturalism for the mainstream.

I went into one community, lived there, and kept a journal for six months, to see what was actually going on in one of the open spaces designed in 1968 and catering to one particular group. I began to layer the different patterns I saw onto one small design. I will read from my diaries about a one-block space, a crossroads and a circle, square and a triangle.

The First Day: They are there all day. The shucking and jiving flows like liquid from the mouths of the oak. Their faces show signs of time. Each line bears a story, a tale, an adventure. The wheelchair man moves back and forth from store to corner. The bag man always at the bench playing cards. It's the young hustlers who try to play, but it is the storytellers who have lived. They have heard the angles. And in this first design, the idea deals specifically with a theater. A stage awaits the storyteller. They come from all around, strong like the oak. They share their knowledge firmly rooted in time. They linger on the street and lawn just to hear about the good old days.

So this layer takes a quarter-acre lot and just says, "What if it was a stage for the old guys,



Detail from *Sin Fin*, Open House

the old people who hang out in the theaters?" In this next layer, you still have the storyteller in place, but it is called "chilling."

Day Two. Sometimes, I think an accident has happened or a block party is going on, but it's just a good day, 10 to 15 people just relaxing, strolling, leaning, sitting, chilling out, nowhere to go, nothing to do, time on their hands. People are in chairs, under trees, out on the curb, on the grass, the corner park is full. She is telling a story about the fire last week. A dice game starts under the shelter. Each corner is occupied. Cars go by slowly looking for familiar faces.

Now the third layer onto the same quarter acre.

Day Three. Standing there with two ropes, they are waiting to start double Dutch. The housing project's driveway is small and hard but is their only play area. One tree sits alone at the street, dead from neglect and abuse. So, the tree house becomes the third layer. The girls jump rope and gather at the corner where a crowd has gathered. It is always more fun with the audience. The wheelchair man is talking but takes a moment to yell to the boys up in the eucalyptus woods to be a little quiet. They

In the beginning of my residency, I mostly stayed in the city because I was very interested in working in the Mission (the Chicano and Latino district of San Francisco) and with the kids in the summer camp. I made lots of connections with the neighborhood people and with the kids and with some of the youth workers. There are a lot more Mexicans here than on the East Coast and what I liked was the differences in slang. I really got into that, knowing what the kids were doing on the street. There's this whole thing about being from

the northern and southern part of Mexico and how the two groups don't interact and then there's the Salvadorians and the Guatemalans. They don't get along at all. That's why wherever I go I try to get with the kids because that's where you see what's happening. We did two murals and last week we did mask making. Summer camp was about forty kids, ages 5-14. And then actually one day they came out here on the Mexican bus, and we got a little bit of work done in my studio. I had a great time working with them.

These experiences have helped me to realize the importance and impact of art and culture in the life of a community and how I, as an artist, may facilitate education, change, and growth for its members. Authentic contact with multiple cultures and value systems have defined the technique and content of my work and it is through these experiences that I am inspired to create new work.

Pedro Ospina
Artist-in-Residence
Philadelphia

I have a recurring dream.
I'm in my house, the house
I grew up in that I know
inside and out. Suddenly I
open a door and there's
another room in the house,
a completely new room, one
I've never seen before. I
know I'm in my familiar
house but suddenly there's
this whole new room
attached to it that I've never
been in before.

Valerie Soe
Artist-in-Residence
Bay Area

cannot hear him. The trees mitigate this problem. They run along the bridge laughing and playing.

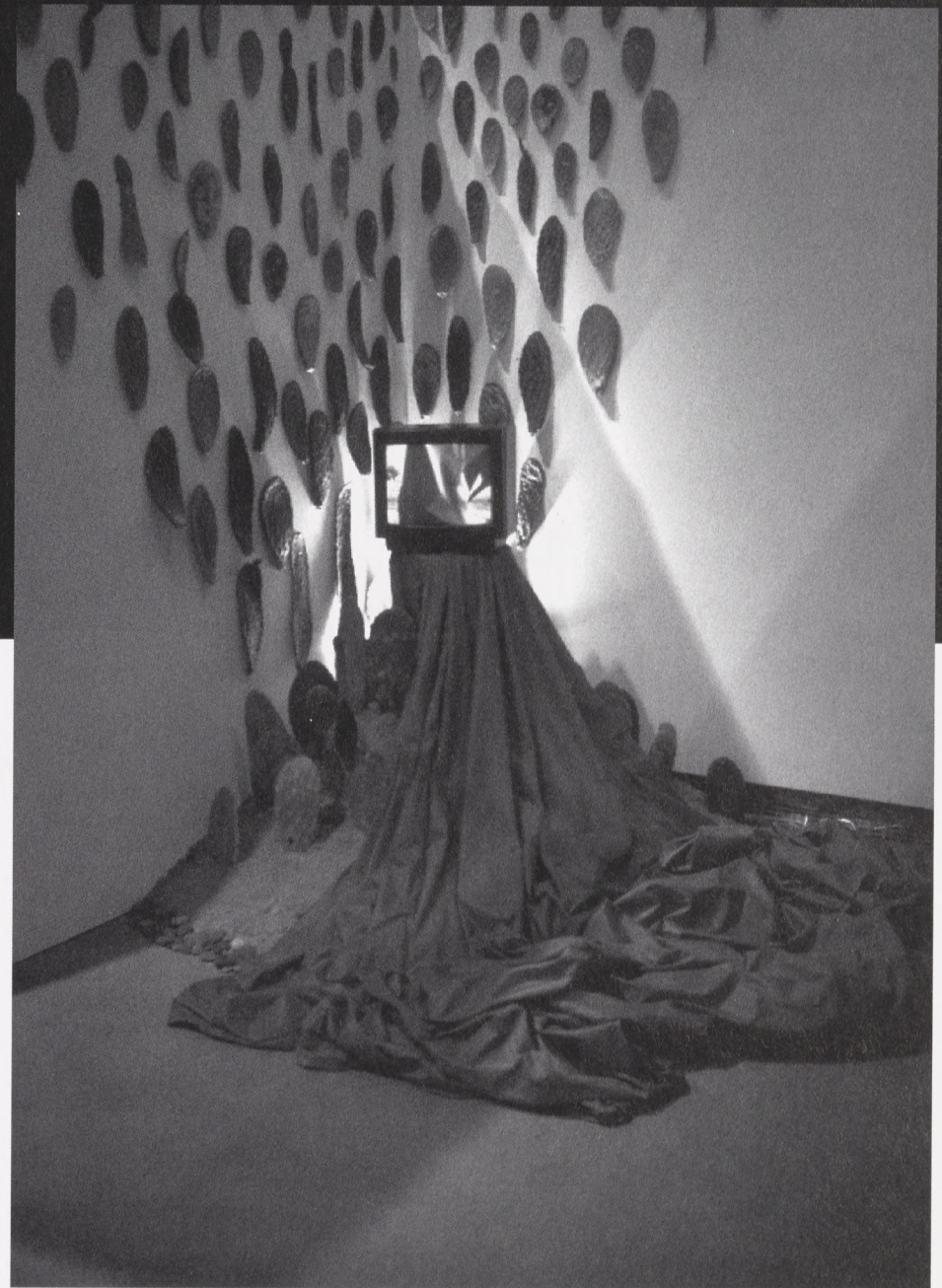
This fourth layer is just bringing in two really nice long tables with linen, a place to cook in the evening for all of those waiting.

Day Four. Early evening, a steel drum blazes with fire. Tonight, they have hot dogs. Emerging from behind the timber and canvas hut, he zips his trousers and continues drinking. She makes food for all of them. The meat changes daily, depending on what they have collected. And this layer is about dining. She sets the table today, a long, white tablecloth and fresh bread. She reminds them all to wash up; tonight is special. The fire is hot, and the chicken sits in the blaze. They all gather around to listen to tales and laughter, drinking and waiting for dinner.

And the last layer.

Day Five. Asleep on the street behind bushes, walking through the night. I don't know them, but they look familiar. My people, my people. My studio has heat, a toilet and a bed. Why do I question my haves comparing to their have-nots? Guilt, shame, innocence, all at once. They are human like us. Why are they here? My people, my people.

I wanted to discuss one last intervention here, because as a landscape architect and a designer, I have to understand what is happening in the streets, to bring economic stimulation back to commu-



Installation-in-Progress, Open House

nities. I observed some of the uses in the community, and came up with a proposal. This incredible phenomenon I'd been seeing are called "detail shops." It is basically a car wash. You find a vacant lot, with very little overhead, and hire a lot of brothers and sisters to come and clean your cars. My intervention deals with a rib crib house in the back, and a detail shop in the front on a typical vacant parcel in West Oakland. What happens is you bring your car in, order your ribs from the back, bring it around to the front, drop your car off, go through the back, wait on your ribs, your car is getting cleaned, you come back through, get your car. That's all it takes for really strong economic revitalization in the area. And this could be done throughout the city.

Multiculturalism should promote pluralism, but in a context where groups are free to practice and cultivate tradition while maintaining dialogue between each other. Tearing down the walls of environmental injustice and social injustice will allow room for new practices to occur and flourish. Each individual must be willing to come to terms with his or her own identity, locating a point of departure from which to structure future identity and values. Only this can provide insight into ways to coexist in an authentic multicultural society. America is indeed a nation of diverse cultures shaped by time and experience. We, the various different peoples that live here, are intrinsically tied to one another. Acceptance of difference must not be trivialized but authentically embraced through individual action, based in our own everyday lives.

Darryl Smith: Cohen Alley is in San Francisco's Tenderloin, a downtown neighborhood of about 35,000 people, over 4,000 of them children. It's highly dense, filled with multistory apartment buildings and lots of dark alleyways: long shadows are cast by these buildings. There's only one neighborhood park, at Eddy and Jones. Places for interaction are mainly corners, and in front of markets or the many restaurants—largely Southeast Asian, Thai, Cambodian, Lao—reflecting the neighborhood's cultural diversity. Fronting on Cohen Alley, home to about 200 people, are four buildings, each over four stories high. At 25 feet wide by 137 feet deep, it's a deep, dark alley. Visiting the cliff dwellings in the Southwest recently, I sat looking at its high walls and deep valleys, and thought of Cohen Alley.

Generally, the alley is an access route for scavengers to pick up bins twice a week, for drug activities—selling and using—dumping and defecation. Yet, we residents decided that the alley was our community and our home. We originated 509 right there in the alley at a hotel.

Laurie Lazer: Cohen Alley is visible to all the cars driving one way down Ellis Street. About 150 apartments have visual access to Cohen Alley from across the street. You could see prostitution, shooting up, lines of people smoking crack. You could see people defecating—men in business suits even. Nobody has shame over there.

DS: This impacts very immediately and directly on first floor residents, many of whom are children. We involved the neighborhood in a collaborative effort to bring attention to grabbing the space the neighborhood needs so desperately. A lot of that space is in alleyways. So we felt Cohen was a novel situation for creating a working model that could be replicated throughout several areas in the Tenderloin.

The San Francisco Department of Public Works (DPW) is looking at this project that way. We had a long road to travel in terms of demonstrating community support for it. This involved participating in neighborhood forums such as the crime abatement committee where safety and space were often topics, and talking about using the space in different ways, getting control of it. We created a forum for visual and performing arts and education, beginning about seven years ago, doing programming for children. Public arts concerns and neighborhood concerns thus have been integrated from the onset.

We entered into a collaboration five years ago with the San Francisco League of Urban Gardeners, who were experienced in developing open spaces, thinking this would be an inviting and different kind of project for them. It certainly presented a lot of bureaucratic difficulties. The first problem with developing an open or common use space that's formal in its agreement is that the fronting properties have to work together. They all have to sign off on it. In this case, two of them are now non-profit housing corporations, but two others are privately owned, and one currently is holding up the whole process. We have moved bits at a time, to get where we are today. We have tentative approval from DPW to go ahead. Our approach is to utilize art as a vehicle. An artist designed our gate, a "gateway:" not a fence, but a working piece of sculpture.

LL: We have a gate because the neighborhood residents around this alley wanted one; in fact, they were bargaining for cyclone fences with barbed wire! We did fundraising for the extra cost for this beautiful sculptured gate done by Kevin Leaper. I see it as if it's "The Secret Garden" or, "Open Sesame." People say, "How could you transform space to create community?" By staging site-specific installations. We had a mural commissioned by Brent Cook, with reflections of residents and activists. Every image on that mural is somebody who lives in the Tenderloin. And The 509 Cultural Center, along with other neighborhood organizations, also cleaned the alley.



Elders from Ruth Ann Rosenberg Adult Day Health Center

Urban Elders: Making Sense of Growing Older

Linda Mittiness, Clara (Kitty) Couch, Rene Yung, Elders from The Ruth Ann Rosenberg Adult Day Health Center
November 13, 1994

Lydia Matthews: *Aging is one of the unspoken taboos in American culture, yet, ironically, we are all constantly aging. People 85 years and older comprise the fastest-growing group in America. By 2010, the elderly population will quadruple. Elders in urban areas have a unique profile. We should become aware of their circumstances as we design, embody and socially administer urban areas.*

On Sunday afternoon, a busload of elders from several senior centers around the Bay Area arrived at Headlands for a tea party, art opening reception, panel discussion and performance. An exhibition of the ceramic works made by seniors working with Headlands Artist-in-Residence Kitty Couch were on display. When we adjourned to the warmth of the Mess Hall, a panel of elders, artists and gerontologists addressed the multifaceted identity of elders, their desire for social and celebratory

experiences, and our collective need to incorporate ritual, creativity and artmaking into the cycle of living and dying. The presentations were complemented with a spoken word performance of the poetry of Langston Hughes by elders from the Ruth Ann Rosenberg Adult Day Health Center.

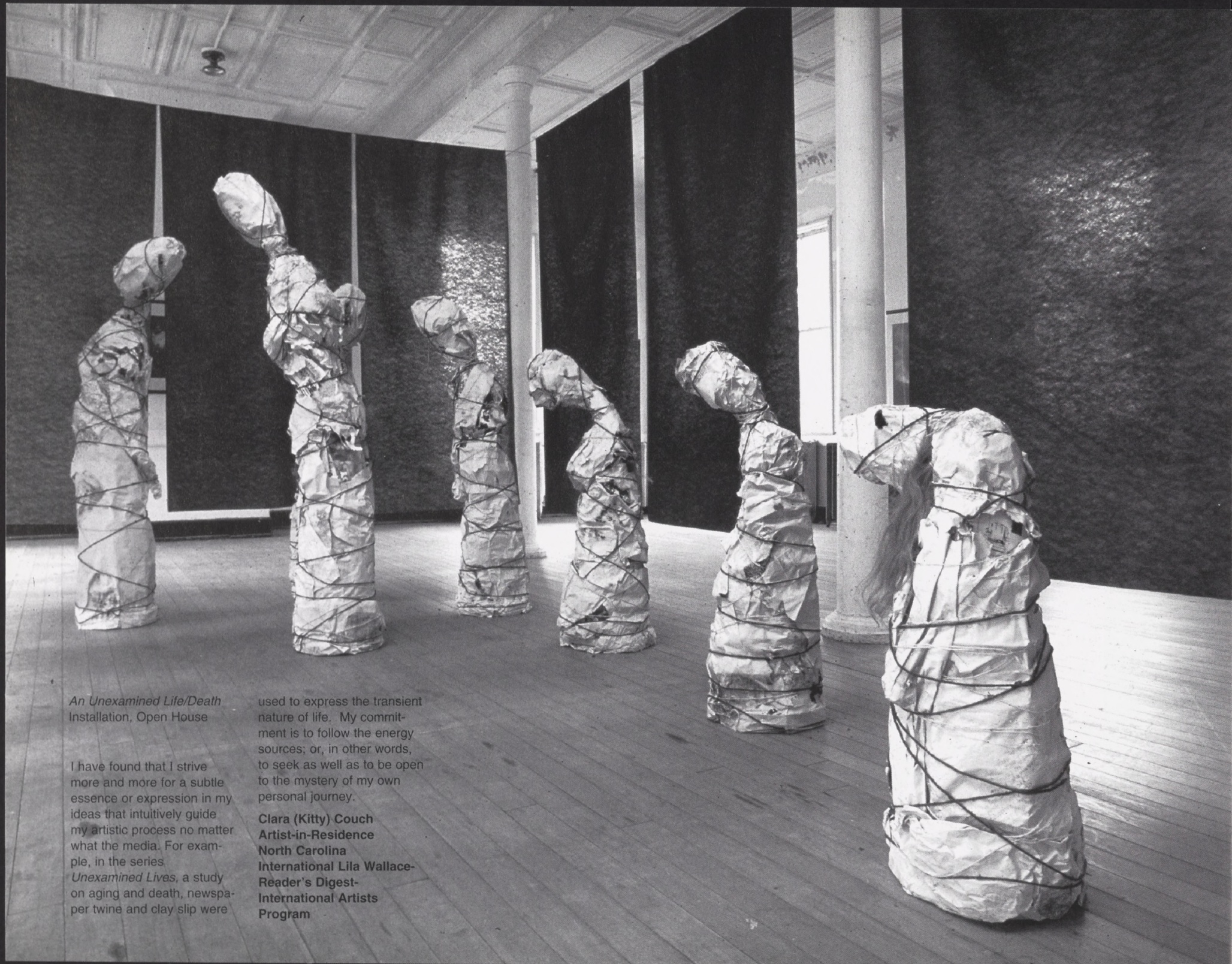
Rene Yung, a former Headlands Affiliate Artist, co-administered this event and moderated the discussion. A widely exhibited installation artist, Rene has developed numerous multi-disciplinary arts projects with frail elderly populations, most recently as a California Arts Council Artist-in-Residence in the Artworks Program of U.C.S.F.'s Mount Zion Institute on Aging, directed by Jeff Chaplain. Chaplain introduced the events by presenting the Hughes poetry project, developed with Artist-in-Residence Paul Finniquaro in 1993. Linda Mittiness, Professor of Gerontological Medical Anthropology at UC San Francisco, then examined how our understanding of aging in contemporary American society differs from traditional societies. Artist-in-Residence Kitty Couch culminated the panel with the work she recently completed as a Lila Wallace-Reader's Digest-International Artists Program Fellow in an Ecuadorian village with a preponderance of people over eighty. An elder herself, Kitty has created art and developed collaborative projects that explore rituals of aging and dying with elders from various communities.

Rene Yung: America is growing older. It is no longer a nation of youths. Recently, advertisers on top of the demographics have put out ads addressed to the elderly. In July 1993, the number of Americans over 65 surpassed the number of teenagers. Still, for most of us, American culture doesn't provide available tools to deal with aging. The mainstream profile is that because of advances in medicine and hygiene, they are healthier, older adults. Now, city life creates its own living conditions, different from those in suburbs or in the country, and cities like those in the Bay Area have a more complex profile for the elderly, with a great range of cultural, social and economic situations.

We are very awkward about age, carrying the knowledge of our own like a secret; it is a private and ominous notion, a private reckoning. Down deep, age brings up the issue of mortality. How can we live the process of aging meaningfully? The question entails reconciling the long-standing American conflict between living and aging. There is, in fact, no conflict—they are one and the same. What are the fun parts of aging, its social and celebratory parts? What is the place of creativity in the process? And what is the place of spiritual values in aging, and therefore, in living?

Jeff Chaplain (Audience): George Orwell said, "It's not just staying alive, but staying human that's important." The condition of spirit has a direct correlation to how elders feel physically, and how they cope with age-related medical problems. Our elders do not want to be relegated to the sidelines, focused only on injury and illness. They want to be as active as possible, to contribute to society and culture. Enhancing their minds and spirits through various activities is essential to their quality of life. The arts have fulfilled this need in humans for thousands of years. The Mt. Zion Institute on Aging Artworks Program is the only older adults arts education program in Northern California. We administer instruction, community arts projects and performances, and connect a diverse group of artists (through our Residence Program) with equally diverse groups of frail and disabled older adults throughout San Francisco.

Linda Mittiness: Those of you over 65 are the pioneers, setting the stage for what it's like to grow older: we have an extra 20 years now over what we had 30 or 40 years ago, but socially and culturally we don't have ways to deal with them. Also, in the last 10 years, the worldwide population movement is more dramatic and larger than at any other time in history. Everybody is on the move. This means that local communities are no longer long-term, stable communities. Previous generations of my own family, for example, were born and raised, married, lived and died in the same town. But



An Unexamined Life/Death
Installation, Open House

I have found that I strive more and more for a subtle essence or expression in my ideas that intuitively guide my artistic process no matter what the media. For example, in the series *Unexamined Lives*, a study on aging and death, newspaper twine and clay slip were

used to express the transient nature of life. My commitment is to follow the energy sources; or, in other words, to seek as well as to be open to the mystery of my own personal journey.

Clara (Kitty) Couch
Artist-in-Residence
North Carolina
International Lila Wallace-
Reader's Digest-
International Artists
Program

in my generation, of the 50 cousins on one side, all but three have left. That will make my old age really different from my mother's. Because of these migrations, existing communities are growing extremely diverse.

There are four areas where we make meaning in life: work, family, health and spirituality. Work organizes a large part of our lives. We value productivity; our identity comes from working. When people retire, they develop what anthropologists call "the Busy Ethic." Family as the center and meaning of late life may still be a value, but not a reality in urban settings under conditions of contemporary migration. Health is incredibly important for making sense of life as we grow older. When a chronic condition (inevitably) arises, the question is, "Why me? why now? What could I have done differently?" Fourth is spirituality, questions about purpose, reasons to live. Our extremely diverse society has no public agreement about spiritual issues.

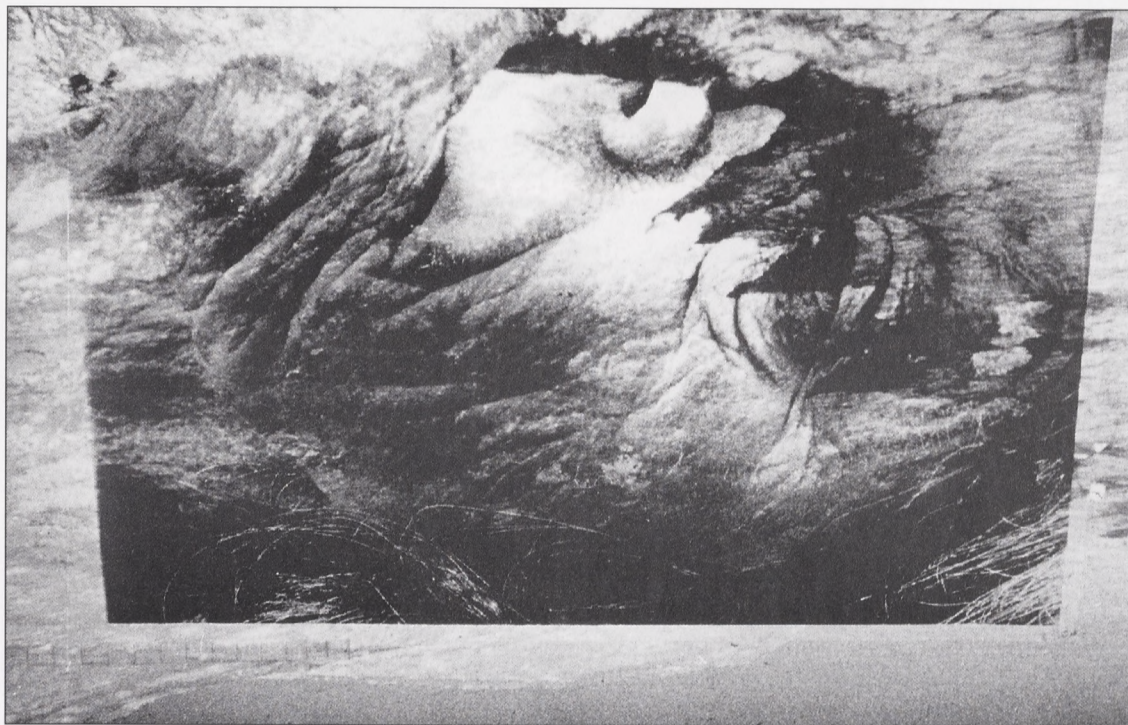
One of the spiritual tasks of old age might be to make sense of the past, of the present and of the future for all of us. Making peace with the past is very important, but we must also make sense of the present. The strongest and least fearful elders are those working somehow for the future: politically active, teaching their grandchildren, involved. They are role models—older people of wisdom and freedom.

Clara (Kitty) Couch: I looked in the mirror and knew what I wanted to do when Headlands asked me to apply for my grant. I could see what was happening to my body. I needed to find out about the rest of my life. So I chose to do a project on aging and death. Ecuador taught me much. My trip there was prompted by the existence of a small village in the Southern Andes—a good place to live, grow up, and to die—called Bicabomba, where people live to a ripe old age. I interviewed these Ecuadorians about health, early life, beliefs, and work. Work was an integral part of their lives, along with a simple diet and lifestyle, and lots of laughter. Nearly all had a loving relationship with a caretaker who lived with them—a daughter,

nephew or husband. Latinos seem to be more comfortable than we are with life and death. Al Bertano, age 119 and married 80 years, had poor eyesight and hearing, yet each day he walked and did some work. He told stories of his youth, his love of fine horses. His pithy philosophy—"He who is jealous is a fool because everyone has the key to the door of life"—made me smile. He had already prepared a table to be laid out on when he died, and a jug of sugar cane liquor to entertain all who came to pay their condolences.

Marking the place where death took loved ones is a custom I like very much. In Ecuador, mummies found in ravines high in the

Andes were wrapped in handwoven cloth and tied in fetal positions. Some Indians placed their dead in the trunks of hollowed trees or buried them under houses, standing up, or, in caves, horizontally. In my own North Carolina, there are unusual grave markers, phallic shafts draped with cloth, and conch shells symbolizing the spiral of life. Moravian cabinetmakers in the early 1700s made tombstones simulating the headboards of beds. English Wedgwood potters who immigrated there in the 1700s marked their graves with clay jugs. There is a coastal island where families still bury their loved ones in yards along flower and vegetable beds, beside their chickens.



Marked by Collaboration. Photomontage by Pinky/MM Bass, 1992 Artist-in-Residence, Invited National, and Clara (Kitty) Couch, Artist-in-Residence, North Carolina, Lila Wallace-Reader's Digest-International Artists Program.



Puente de la Paz/Peace Bridge, Juana Alicia. Mural in Petaluma, California.

Creating Womanspace

Juana Alicia, Roma Guy, Bonnie Loyd

March 13, 1994

Lydia Matthews: *Held on International Women's Day, this event was a collaboration with Linda Burnham of the Women of Color Resource Center in Berkeley, the panel's moderator. Speaking were Bonnie Loyd, an academically-trained urban geographer and presenter on the public radio program "West Coast Live;" long-standing social activist Roma Guy, a founder of the San Francisco Women's Building; and mural painter Juana Alicia, who coordinates the visual arts component of the Art and Social Change Program at New College of California. They addressed the gender-specificity of urban space and public life, articulating the forces that contributed to the founding and imaging of the Women's Building in the Mission District.*

Bonnie Loyd: We can intuit what's going on with gender in the city, but new scientific research indicates that men and women actually navigate cities differently. Women use landmarks—e.g., peeling paint on the side of a building—men use vectors, meaning they know to go "about 20 minutes" in this direction or "two miles" in that. We all rely on mental maps, more complex and useful than any AAA map will ever be. These maps are influenced by age, income, health, how far you can go, what kind of transportation you can access, education, friends—but also by our memories and attitudes. They have edges. Kids are particularly aware of edges: a big road or a body of water they must not cross. But boys' maps and girls' maps differ because they have different play patterns, and as adults, men and women map new cities in specific ways. Could we map places in the city that are women's places? It's a tough assignment. Where do women feel comfortable? What places are designed for women? The 1930's WPA fresco in Coit Tower of a corner in downtown San Francisco shows a proportion of men to women of three or four to one. The men seem to have something to do; they're all busy.



Detail from *Lifecycle Hood*. Installation, Open House

It's not so clear what the women are doing downtown. This reflects our uncertainty about women's position in the city. To look at the world spatially, like geographers, is to pinpoint how women's urban experience differs from that of our male friends, fathers or brothers.

Audience member: In other cultures, the public/private split for women, especially commercial women, is not as profound as in western ones. In Togo, West Africa, the women who own commercial space are called Mama-Benzes, because they drive around in Mercedes. They tend to be large women, healthier than the others, and don't have as many children. They boss people around, and definitely take up space. No government appointments are made without their consent.

Roma Guy: I've spent most of my adult life organizing around women's issues, the last 20 years in the Bay Area. But I didn't start there. I started in a small French-Canadian town. I was raised to leave home—my mother and father encouraged me—that was the climate of the times. I

I thought I'd be making art out of the city, but the beach provided me with good material. I found some thimbles with some wire around them, really old silver ones. And I thought these things have spirit in them, have power in them.

**Bedtime Writings
December, 1994**

I've been regressing my soul
In my sleep I get visits from
the dead.
I respond to them through

my artmaking.
I pay my respects!
I think that is what they are
trying to tell me.
Make Medicine (for wisdom)
Heal Myself (to know thyself)
They show me where to
look.
Sometimes I don't even
know who they are.
I know its them making the
stuff because I always find
what I need.

A rock
A head
An arm

Is it their faces I make?
(sure are ugly)
Who sent me to the sea?
(was it you daddy?)
Why am I connecting with
these people here?
Why do I miss them as they
leave? (when I leave)
Make Medicine!
I Hear You!
Know Thyself
Tell Others

**Gilda Edwards
Artist-in-Residence
Ohio**

***How the Headlands
Residency Made Me a
Better Lover and a
Worse Poet***

I can't tell you what this studio smells like, It's like wood or something, or sweat or forgotten photos, old books. It is that smell that connects you to a past and links you to your body. It makes you feel like you can do anything. Even ride a unicycle.

Up and back, around pillars, I invent games, slalom courses,

paces. I get hot, open the door to the fire-escape. I race around the room, big circles, small circles. I get hot, open the windows that aren't painted shut. My legs start aching and I'm panting. I get hot and take off my shirt and look out the windows at the mountains, going around and around. I feel the air on my body and it's like skinny-dipping in a lake. But the water is air and I am flying around pillars, flirting with the mountains, laughing at the

clouds, in a studio with a smell that has no name.

I juggle knives till the blood comes. The blood always comes. Why don't you dull them, someone says. Well then, they wouldn't be knives then, would they? Single, doubles, around the back. The blood comes. Always I have nothing there to wipe it with. Always I use my T-shirt now self-consciously draping my body.

I sit on a big pillow in front of

the open door and I look out and I write. Sometimes I spend a lot of time trying to find words for things that I can't describe. Sometimes I do nothing. Sometimes I cry. Being a working artist with a studio makes me feel a lot like me.

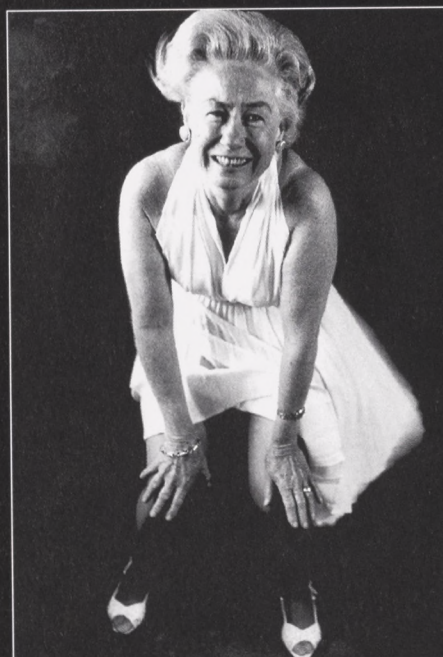
Sara Felder
Artist-in-Residence
Bay Area



Performance, Open House



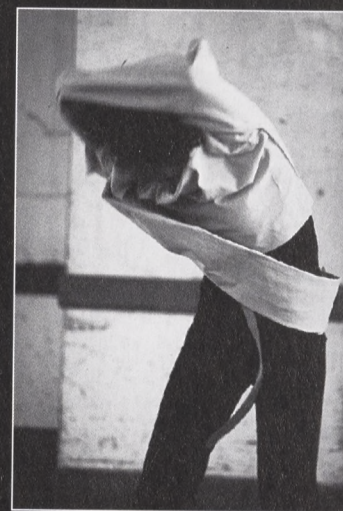
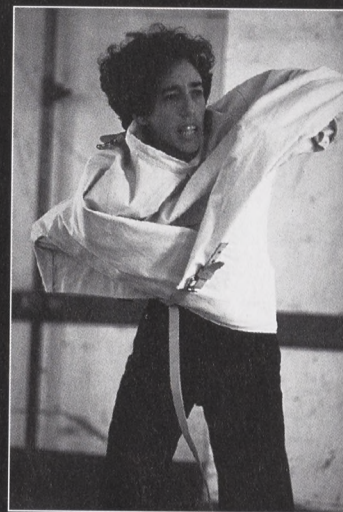
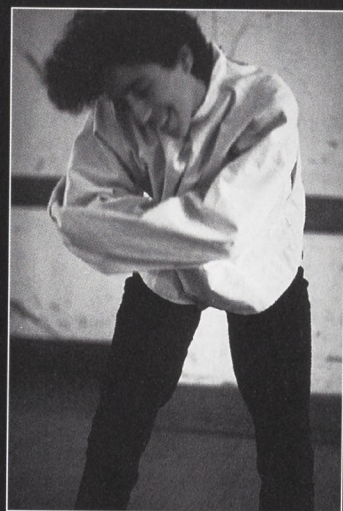
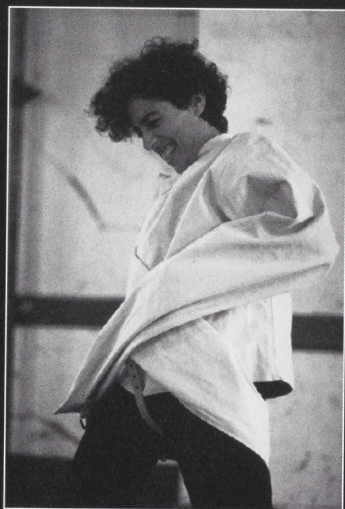
Ruth Baldwin as Queen Victoria



Nancy Adams as Marilyn Monroe

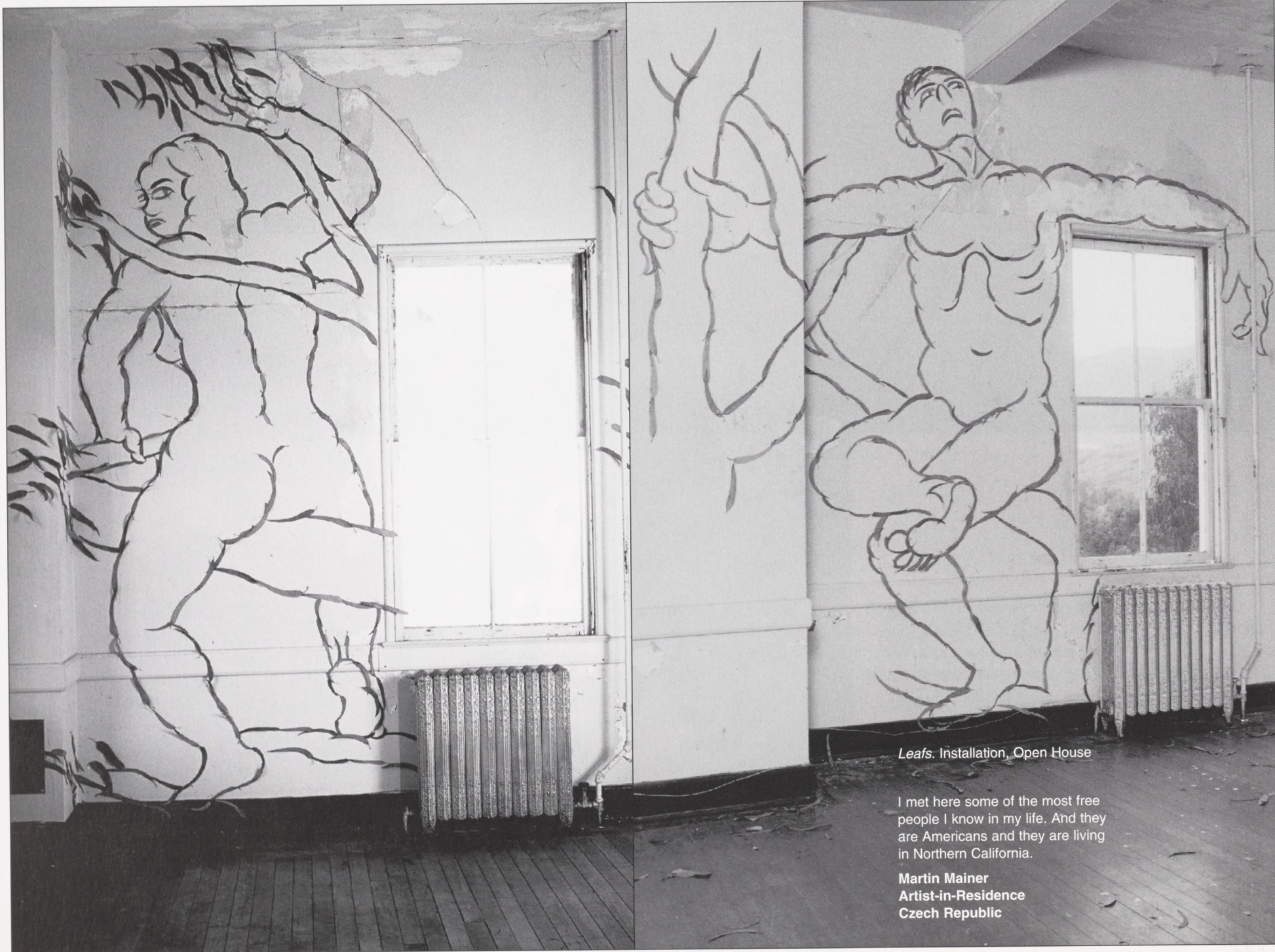
I compared this residency to what perhaps happens to a psychiatric patient. You come to an almost alien environment, geographically and socially. You are thrown into a whole new absolutely different thing. What happens is a kind of disassembly of the personality and a rebuilding and that's hard.

Elise Sanford
Artist-in-Residence
Ohio



was excited about leaving for the city, liberated from the constraints of a rural town. My youthful excitement at being part of society: a woman of the late 20th century was confronted with fear of the city, fear of poverty, fear of being attacked simply for being a woman. In the city I first saw America's diversity, but I also saw how people mistreated each other. I wondered why this wasteful and painful distortion of human potential? Fortunately, I was born in time for the civil rights movement. Then the question of sexism exploded. If we wanted equality, women had to change. How? We had to find the space. That was my logic: to create spaces where our social and spiritual selves could develop and be expressed. The Women's Building represented my desire to organize and transform a physical space into an emotional, political, and psychological one, where we worked to change social structures, and to heal from tragedies like incest. To be self-critical, though, I have to say that the woman's movement really left out girls. It's quite amazing why we left out ourselves as girls in our desire for social change. We must create new spaces for them.

Juana Alicia: Bill Cosby once said, "I started out as a child." Well, I started out as a young girl. My work, responsibility and obligation as an artist is to teach and to mentor young women. My murals are also "collaborations" with the people who influenced my own history—my teachers, and artists like the great Mexican painters Diego Rivera and Frida Kahlo. The Women's Building was my first large public commission in San Francisco. I come from the Watsonville/Salinas area, where I worked in agriculture—lettuce, celery, garlic, strawberries, apples. I wanted to bring the "factories in the fields" to urban awareness, to critique the rampant, uncontrolled use of life-threatening pesticides. When I created the mural design I was told it wouldn't be a success in the urban environment: it didn't have a person with a shopping cart or a low-rider car. But I knew a lot of people in the Mission come from that same experience. They were very gratified to see their history or her/story reflected in the imagery.



Leafs. Installation, Open House

I met here some of the most free people I know in my life. And they are Americans and they are living in Northern California.

Martin Mainer
Artist-in-Residence
Czech Republic

You Are Here (You Think): A San Francisco Bus Tour

Bernie Lubell, Dean MacCannell, Juliet Flower MacCannell

July 10, 1994

Lydia Matthews: *Each day thousands of people collectively experience official versions of "San Francisco" orchestrated by the city's tourist industry, the Bay Area's largest economic resource. As a collaborative intervention to such numbing narratives, Headlands Affiliate Artist Bernie Lubell (a site-specific sculptor whose interactive installations evolved from graduate studies in Social Psychology) and Affiliate Artists and scholars Dean MacCannell (a pioneer in Cultural Studies who established the field of Tourism Studies) and Juliet Flower MacCannell (Director of the Comparative Literature Program at UC Irvine and author of several books on psychoanalytical theory) offered a provocative bus tour that challenged standard touristic practices. These unconventional tour guides addressed what constitute "sites/non-sites" within a standard itinerary and examined how "attractions" are constructed consciously and unconsciously. While cruising in the comfort of an air-conditioned motorcoach, 49 participants visited places that defied postcard views, including Psycho City, an abandoned lot covered with brilliant multi-colored graffiti, Catherine Sneed's Garden Project, an urban vegetable farm in Bayview Hunter's Point run by former prison inmates, and a shopping stop at Good Vibrations, a women-owned and operated sex shop. They also explored mythified work spots such as Fisherman's Wharf, "exoticized" neighborhoods and other landmarks. By requiring participants on the tour to construct their own visual and verbal "markers" of the city in their journals, the role that creative imagination plays in experiencing the "authenticity" of a place became clear. Back at Headlands after the tour, the group feasted on a San Francisco cliché: seafood stew and sourdough bread.*

Bernie Lubell: I think cities are the beginning. Cities are about our need for each other. They pre-date agriculture. Theorists say that first we were agrarian, then farms created the wealth that built the cities. No way. First we needed each other, so we built cities and then said, 'Hey, we've got to eat!' Chance discoveries, strange encounters and accidents happen more in cities than you could ever find in the country. Great cities are miserable places. They are where there is chaos, irony and paradox - the real fundamental forces of the universe. That's just another way of saying great cities are where great people are.

Juliet Flower MacCannell: There is a new formation of the subject possible

NEW ITINERARIES

This section might also be called "Where to? this body?"

It deals with new ways to move through civilized, citified space. The talks and the artists press beyond the limits of an alienated urban cityscape, peopled by machine-like human beings, to experience a fresh encounter between the city and its limits. We usually think of this refreshment as reserved for our escapes into nature. Here, however, the tourist, migrant, and artistic imagination take center stage, questioning the boundaries of nature and civil order. What emerges is the creative energy of displacements—cultural and physical, human and mechanical—featured in the talks (events combining art, poetry, video, and song) and in the artists' works.



You Are Here (You Think): A San Francisco Bus Tour



here in San Francisco. Ferlinghetti had this great line about how San Francisco doesn't look like America. When you come upon it, it looks like "Tunis seen from the sea." But it isn't really like that at all, it is actually the place where the "West comes to an end." That is an interesting phrase because the official history of San Francisco begins with the Spanish missions and the conquistadors. But the Ohlone Indians were here before, the mission was actually feeble and the soldiers were stumblebums. Nobody really thought much of San Francisco either as an outpost for the church or the army. And nobody could farm it because it was just a sand bed. So the three main self-concepts of what it meant to be a male citizen of the Western world - the soldier, the priest and the farmer - just didn't really take root here. What did take root was bracketed in the Romantic era. There was a new openness to possibilities, new forces in government, new forms of life.

Dean MacCannell: Anything can be a tourist attraction, but the one thing all attractions have in common is they are marked as such. They have labels on them, they have spiels coming out of the mouths of tour guides like us on tour buses. There is this mediating thing, the marker, standing there between you and the attraction, just as the attraction is standing there between you and San Francisco. There is no "San Francisco" out there except for the narrative that strings attractions togeth-

er. We are going to be re-marking San Francisco. In order to stimulate this, you have been given nouns, adverbs and verbs in the form of paper stickers on a little sheet. They are purposefully designed not to be like tourist language. Tourist language is "original," "typical," "authentic," "the first." That is the type of stuff that is supposed to return you to the self-sufficiency of your ego. All egos want to be original, self-sufficient and authentic. And so we are encouraging you to build some markers that are specifically not touristic in the way they are conceived. Go ahead and paste them into your book and write around them about the things you see.

[Going past the waterfront] Often what you find in touristic areas are generic nationalities: "Irish" pub, "Chinese" restaurant. The specificity you find in other parts of the city is lacking here; you get a very broad brushed label over otherness. Pier 39, with its light referentiality to a time in the past and its staged authenticity, is a bit like "Disney comes to San Francisco," a "Main Street U.S.A." model of a re-creation of a New England village on a San Francisco wharf. Only it's supposed to be "better" than a New England village because there's much more going on there. This displaced re-creation would be what Umberto Eco calls a hyperreal place. I think it's just a cancer cell that's attached itself to the city, trying to appear normal. But it isn't. And it's growing South of Market. It should be distinguished from the type of foreign visitor that comes to stay, like the immigrant people, like the Glass Conservatory

from England in Golden Gate Park. This cell is neither a foreign guest come to settle, nor a native of San Francisco. It's more a native of Anaheim. It's generic "otherness."

The Tour: One Year Later

BL: This tour was an outgrowth of personal relationships to the city as site and as metaphor but also to this city we have chosen to live in. It was an opportunity to share San Francisco's tolerance of ambiguity, its speculative nature, to sample some surprise and discovery, development and emptiness - to tour San Francisco as a landscape for the imagination.

Tolerance of ambiguity is a requisite for personal development in some psychological theories. My father noted that you can always judge a man by the people he surrounds himself with: Roosevelt (F.D.R.) had a strong enough sense of himself that he could surround himself with people who disagreed. One might judge a city similarly.

This city lives on its conflicts. We sit on the edge of the land's end. Moving from boom to bust and back - on the edge of disaster. We maintain a Gold Rush atmosphere of individual enterprise and

rampant speculation. Despite homogenizing forces seeking economic predictability, San Francisco remains fervently ephemeral. It is still a city where individuality and diversity are a premium. These ideas have become the cliché of "self actualization" - a new gold rush if you will. Although I say this cynically, it is also the reason I came. Aside from the Grateful Dead, I came because there is a fog of opportunities here. At the same time, San Francisco has a history of collective imagination. It is the birthplace of the Beats, mecca for the Summer of Love, numerous religious cults and the home of interdisciplinary art.

We come wired with two competing drives; a desire to return to the communal bliss of the Garden of Eden and wanting to get to El Dorado and strike it rich (either materially or spiritually). This city attracts both the community and the individual - and its landscape is the embodiment of our conflicting desires.

Because of the physical and social topography of San Francisco every corner or hill allows for discovery and chance encounters. Suddenly we are drawn outside ourselves by something strange yet familiar. Cities remove us from our natural habitat and yet the experiences of landscape and people in

Siena

This morning, an American girl of five living in England wakes for the first time in the city she was named for. Her father worked for ten years for this one week wandering Italian fields and vineyards, playing at being home up to his knees in sunflowers, his shades scanning the dream landscape his parents cursed and left. Siena fists her eyes; her mother pads barefoot across the room and opens shutters wide on morning in this medieval campo: walls that gave a name to burnished clay, bricks stained darker clay from blood of men and horses that rage this afternoon each year in ritual war called *palio*, pounding as if to breach the earth

that made Siena's walls. Fear, obscure as Etruscan graffiti crabbing the gate's arch, socketed each parapet with slits and for a thousand springs Siena fixed her eyes on crows pecking vineyards and sunflowers, and beyond, on the clay walls of Valace, Montariggioni, and Firenze, as if each town were the brow of a red skull pounding, each spring, until clouds withered and men rushed out knee deep in sunflowers, each skull dreaming itself free from names. I hold Siena's hand; this child who lives in England presses close in the fierce sunlight of Italian spring; we cross the flagstone canyon of the campo and she stares at spangled *cavalieri* preening on ornamental horses, their crow-feathered lances tapping the clay walls. She cries. What

gallops in Siena's skull? Will her skull one afternoon one spring be pressed by pounding of a thousand names until it chinks and fissures like a sun-scorched cloud? I lean and whisper, "this is how the sky and walls and towers tell a story," and she cries and hugs my waist; the horses, teeth to tail, glide round the *campo's* circle like carousel wolves and lions, their gold carapaced torsos fixed by lances to the clouds. And my friends - though they worked ten years in exile for one week in the city that becomes each year the brow of a red skull though they named their first child as if they meant to breach a thousand springs and hear the original silence in these walls - my friends stroll in the fierce Italian sunlight to the *Duomo*;

the city is a kind of abstraction of our experience on the primeval savannah. We crossed a savannah-like polo field and walked without a path through the woods to come upon the backside of a series of eerie, shallow man-made pools (later revealed to be fly casting ponds). We hoped to slow people down and bring them to consider mystery and surprise, as though they were hunters; the tunnel as though it were a cave, the exposure of the savannah-like polo fields, the enclosure and loss of direction in the woods and the discovery in the clearing. As we lose open space and are accosted by blank walls in a city groaning with population, our reactions reveal an identity we must make time and emptiness for. A tour can remind us of who we are and what the forces are that shape our environment.

But my biggest surprise was the contribution of the tourists on the bus. We gave our tourists empty tour books to fill and activities like remarking sites on postcards. We gathered stories about public art in the financial district, the club scene south of Market, how Divisadero was the edge of civilization as well as their quirky reactions to things we hadn't noticed. Despite the isolating drone of the bus engines our next tour could be more interactive with the tourists. It might include interviewing (other) tourists at Fisherman's wharf, or becoming hopelessly lost (we did consider these), or a picnic

with a view of the fog, behavioral observations of street life during rush hour downtown or in the Tenderloin, creation of designs to make Market Street into a city park, discussing your sex-life with an expert at Good Vibrations, planning new messages for the "Jumbotron" at Union Square, etc. And other possibilities which might be suggested by the collective imagination of the group. If anything can make the old sites new it is the possibility of reconnecting them to individual experience - personal and social discoveries through real interactions with places as they are now - as we are now. The tourists would become the tour.

DM: After some reflection, this is what I think we were doing: one year after the Tour, Bernie, Juliet and I went for a walk in Headlands. After Juliet turned back, Bernie and I began complaining that there were no relatively undiscovered neat things around - no big boulders with garnets in them, no really good blackberry patches that hadn't been picked clean, stuff like that. Not even when we started rambling off the path. Bernie said that it was because in our lifetime we witnessed the filling up of the earth with people to the point that every square inch had been picked over and played out. I was

they tap stone eyes of wolves and lions
pouncing to life from the *Palazzo Pubblico*;
they turn to see Siena fist her tears
under the stained glass of the *castellari*
where St. Catherine flayed her cheeks to mingle blood
with Christ. Is the world a siege
pounding their skulls? Can they rush back
behind Siena's walls to see the sunflowers
of a thousand springs flash all at once?
Would sky and walls and towers lean
and crumble round their knees to hear
their story? It's a story
Siena's neighbor Dante might have leaned
to hear when names pounding his skull
breached the earth beneath the city
he was exiled from. What would he say,
treading a landscape rutted with iced
skulls and burning sunflowers, to these

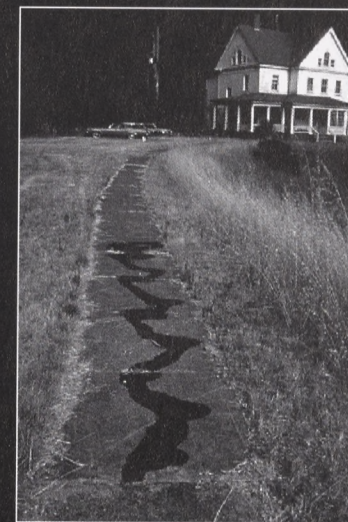
two lovers who, to mingle flesh, fled walls
mysterious fear raises far away -
suburban parapets, billboards socketed
with pastel eyes - America -
where to lay siege or be besieged
inside the skull sometimes must seem
the only choices? I hold Siena's hand.
We watch the horses flay their riders' thighs
against the walls, each costumed horseman
racing this afternoon each spring
as if hooves could pound the dead
and living skulls into one dream: Siena's
vineyards and sunflowers blooming, withering,
reborn in one flashed spark. The story pounds
the flagstones but my skull won't blossom
into wound. I pass through cities
nameless, skimming earth, nowhere opening
my flesh to mix with flesh. This afternoon,

holding Siena's hand, I turn from the *palio*
toward arched passages of burnished clay
and if my whispering could breach the earth
I'd lead her down to name anew
each cornice, every flashing cell,
and laughing, watch, them fade, so when
my skull withered to cloud and my hands clawed
like the hands of nightmare crows, Siena could
let go, rise in a shimmering like colored glass,
and gazing inward, whisper,
"My God, what have we left? What have we left
my child, but this, our only country?"

Philip Brady
Artist-in-Residence
Ohio



Rock Shih Diary



Lifescan in the Headlands

1994.4.12

Battery Rodeo

11:36 AM : Before setting out, tested blood glucose, 180 mg/dl.

: On the trail from art center to Rodeo beach, found many blooming wild flowers, took pictures.

: After arriving at the beach, climbed up the hills toward left, advanced to Battery.

: Found the texture of rocks, flowers and trees exquisitely beautiful, took pictures.

01:33 PM : Arrived at Battery, which is located south of the beach, tested

blood glucose, 39 mg/dl, hypoglycemia, ingested food.

: Met a group of elementary school students and teachers.

: Placed a test strip in a flower and an iron ring, took pictures.

: Placed the blood glucose meter in a shrine-like cemented wall, displayed its test record, took pictures.

: Some rocks spread on the ground, urinated, took pictures.

: Stairs, urinated, took pictures.

: Rusted railings, urinated, took pictures.

: A cement shrine, urinated, took pictures.

: On the way home, urinated on the sign of Nike missile base of the Bravo Battery "Launcher Area," took pictures.

: Various wild flowers by the road - gorgeous, I prayed and photographed.

: Returned to Mess Hall, took pictures of herbs and lettuces.

: Peed on Laurie's Saab, took pictures.

Note: Borrowed a Nikon F801 from Annica. Now I can work with two cameras. One is for slides. The other is for color prints.

Rock Shih
Artist-in-Residence
Taiwan

not ready to concede so much to a mechanical model driven by population density. I was holding on to some grandiose hope that our New Tourism could budge the grid of human experience slightly off its current numbingly predictable coordinates. Can't we try to undo the framework of designations which direct attention exclusively to Fisherman's Wharf, Pier 39, Grant Avenue, etc.? Can't we discover and describe grounds for new desires in the abundant stuff that is overlooked by sightseers who follow conventional guides? Or, perhaps, if Juliet is correct in her belief that conventional attractions are only there to hide and suppress the unconscious, we might find new grounds for excitement beneath and behind the conventional. Wasn't that the real reason we went under the Palace of the Legion of Honor, and for our excitement when we discovered that human remains were found there where they should not have been?

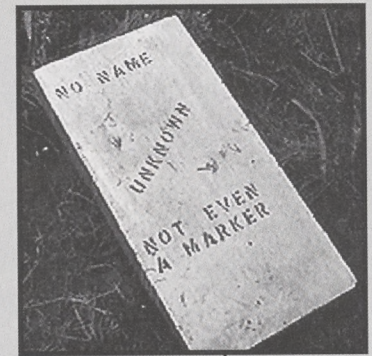
Bernie remarked that there is a "Personal Meaning Movement" which also tries to address the sense of loss of "official meaning" or better perhaps, "official meaningfulness." But he quickly added, "You know, no matter how groovy you take your favorite vacant lot to be, it can never compete with the Eiffel Tower." We agreed that "personal meaning" no matter how intense always lacks the meaning-power of major public attractions.

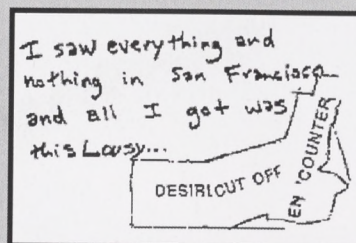
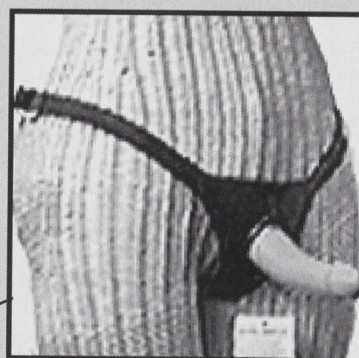
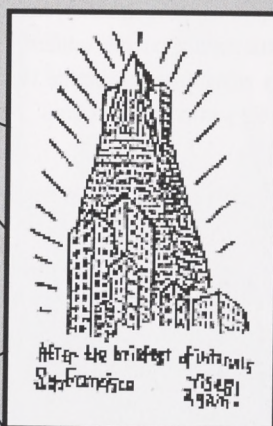
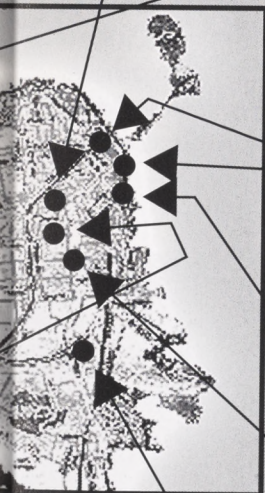
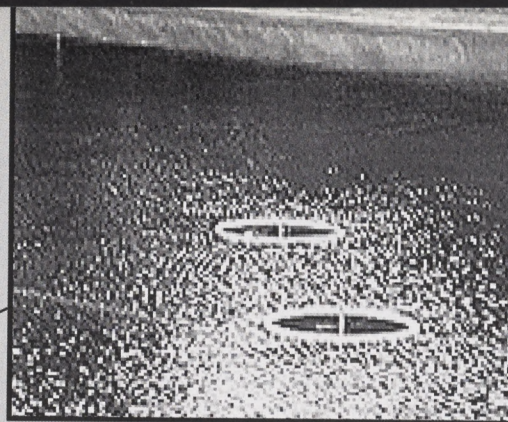
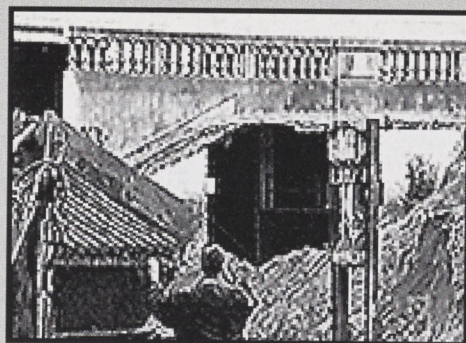
What exactly is it that the minor, personally meaningful site lacks, that the major, official, public attractions, no matter how worn out they may be, can take for granted as a source of enduring power?

We cannot answer this question by appeal to the popularity of public attractions. Except for the pretentious simulacra of attractions manufactured by capital (e.g. Pier 39), everything that eventually became an attraction certainly did not start out as one. There was once a time when the San Francisco Mission was just a mission, when Fisherman's Wharf was merely and actually a fisherman's wharf, when Chinatown was just a neighborhood settled by Chinese. All these places were, no doubt, deeply personally meaningful to some people before they became famous attractions. What transformed these places into the centerpieces of the enormous tourist industry of the city of San Francisco?

The key I have been looking for is that the place became something other than a spatial coordinate, something other than a spot of protected intimacy for like-minded persons. It became, in addition, the locus of a human relationship, an urgent desire to share - an intimate connection of one stranger to another through the local object. It is the "You have got to see this, or taste this, or feel this" that is the originary moment. It is precisely this moment that has become depersonalized and automated in the case of the conventional attractions - the reason they are at once both powerful and dead - like everything that is wrong with "tradition." But as key, this arrangement of actors and sentiments can be displaced into new things as cause, source, potential. What is required is a double simultaneous caring and concern for the other person (host and guest) and for the object which is shared but never possessed. This is an equation that precludes equivocation. We cannot just say "look at this," and "Gee that's really interesting." It is "this, you have GOT to see." It is the moment of original human concern that both transforms into and drops out of conventional morality. We can still see it operative on the grandest scale in the impersonal touristic imperative, "When you are in Paris, you've GOT to see the Eiffel Tower.

So, for me, the tour itself, and the book we are doing about





it, is becoming the missing key: the buttonholing, imperious, insistent sharing of the overlooked; working but not overworking the transform between what is personally meaningful and what is eventually powerfully cool. Not to everyone. That is what makes it a new kind of tourism. Open to everyone but closed to all but the few who are tolerant of the sometimes weird moralities that are implied.

One of the procedures we frequently employed without making it explicit, even to ourselves, was to make two new attractions out of one old one. For example, "You have heard about the Golden Gate Bridge, right? Well, this is the Lefty O'Doul Bridge. Never mind Lefty O'Doul for a moment. This bridge was built by Joseph B. Strauss, who also built the Golden Gate. In fact, it was the popularity of this utilitarian design called a 'Strauss Cantilever' which gave Joseph Strauss the strength and reputation he needed to build his masterpiece. He built 400 of these cantilever bridges world-wide before going to work on the Golden Gate. He said, "It took two decades and 200,000,000 words to convince people that the bridge was feasible; then only four years and \$35 million to put the concrete and steel together."

JFM: When we began the tour I wanted the tourists who came not to be allowed simply to "go home again" when it was over. I asked Dean and Bernie if we might end the tour by having the tourists get "lost." I also wanted them to be shown many empty spaces, along with the fog, so they would not be able to "see" in any usual or even touristic sense of the term. Why these desires? I wanted San Francisco to be, for them, a conspicuously imaginary object.

Normally, a tour's (literal) aim is to bring you home again. The route taken is a pursuit, disguised, of being back home. This was confirmed by our experience of the commercial tour we took in preparation for ours: each bit of information imparted by the guide was designed to send visitors straight back to Ohio or Tokyo, delighted that they did not have to deal with San Francisco's earthquakes, high costs, gloomy weather, and homosexuals.

This touristic strategy is ultimately a ruse of patriarchy, which sends us out of the primary family in pursuit of the world and

goods, only, in the end, to return home, to mother: you're supposed to get somewhere, but also to go back—so your final goal is really a return. Your desire is forced into a circle. My question was, could a different itinerary break into the spaces forbidden by that circle, and shape our tour as and by a “desire for something else?” We would need to do some driving to break out.

Drive breaks the cycle of Freud's pleasure principle (a principle Jacques Lacan was destined to revise): lowering tension to zero. So we needed to create a certain tension. Moreover, the deep politics of circular pleasure are problematical: Aristotle says pleasure is the leisure to contemplate—freedom from work. Pleasure depended, therefore, on someone else's unpleasure, in his case, slave-labor. Is this appropriate for a true democracy? Could we find how or where San Francisco was driving, consciously or not, toward “something else” in remaking and re-marking “pleasure?” Since tourists are notably supposed to “enjoy” a passivity that represents “leisure” to them, how could we incite them to experience our conclusions about San Francisco's unique tensions and conflicts? We demanded therefore that our tourists exercise imagination. Creative energy was the real price of their ticket. We asked them for pre and post tour metaphors about the city, and to design their own postcards as we went along. We

sought out unmarked, but not unspoiled or pristine, spaces that punctuated networks of meaning with clearings. We hoped to encounter a new object of desire, a different mode of enjoyment in “touring.” We researched spots without familiar coordinates, as when our tourists were led, indirectly, across the Polo Field at Golden Gate Park to an eerily quiet secluded pool familiar to few. Divided by several rows of concrete, its slanted sides ran into the shallow water. Coming upon it unexpectedly, our tourists seemed taken with wonder: they asked “what is it?” They speculated, “Is it a swimming pool for the handicapped?” The site was the fly-casting pool; but for our tourists, it was a site for the play of musement.

We discovered our city is like a contemporary work of art, not designed for permanence but for constant reconstruction—a labor implicating everyone, and therefore differing from “development” imposed from without. Razed and raised periodically through natural and other means, it disappears almost daily in the fog. Its play of light perpetually reshapes it. It has welcomed a community of strangers, not pressed from some melting pot into uniform molds; its habitués need not be blood brothers. And it has perspicuously recognized a feminine factor: one hundred streets named for women, none particularly famous nor particularly infamous.

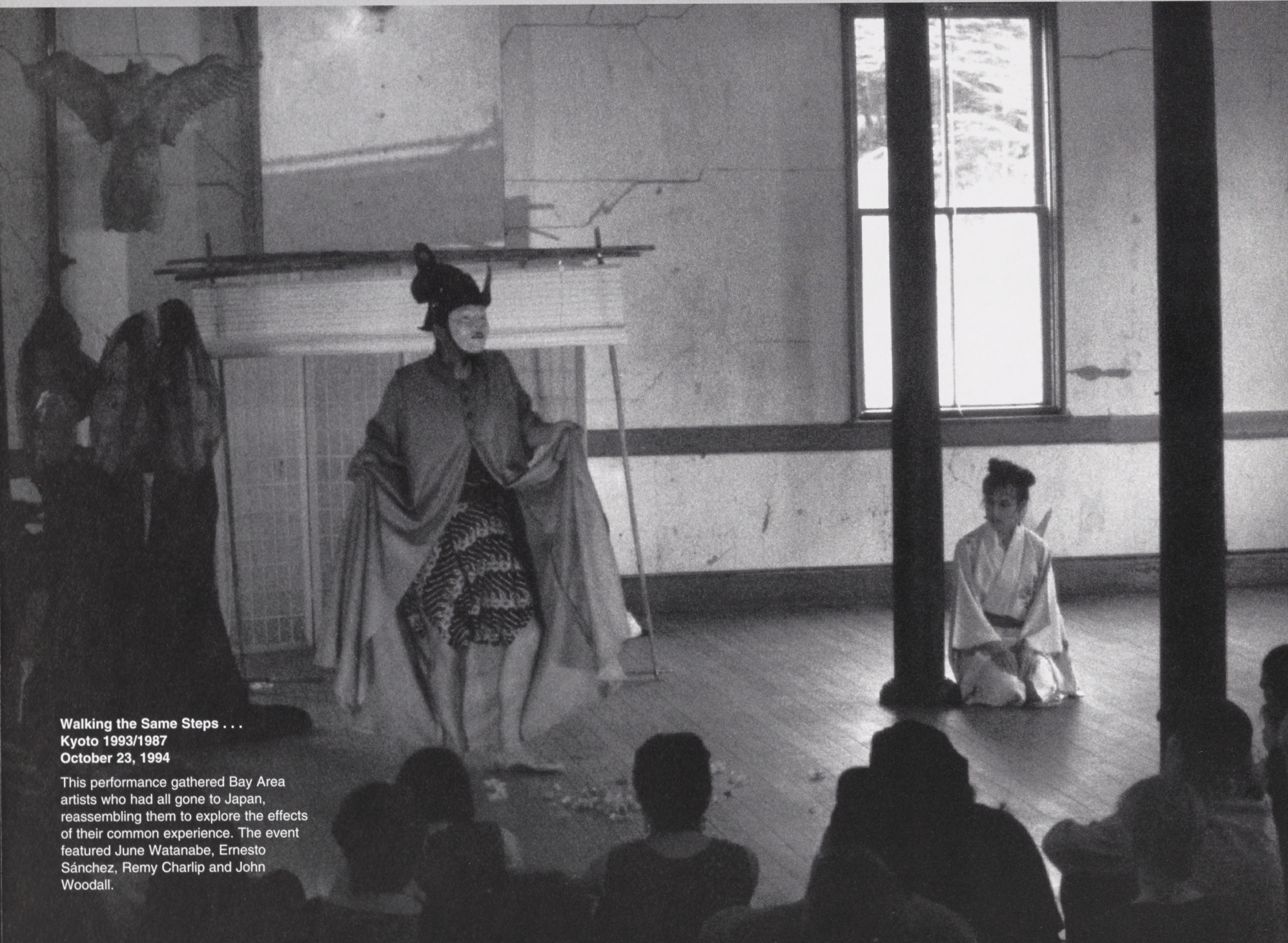


You Are Here (You Think): A San Francisco Bus Tour leaving Headlands Center for the Arts



1994 Artists-in-Residence

P E R F O R M A N C E



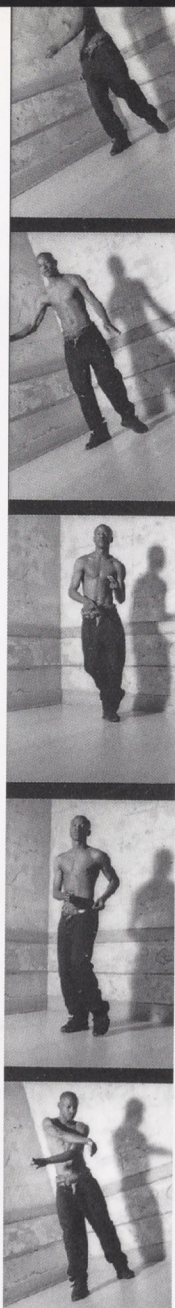
Walking the Same Steps . . .
Kyoto 1993/1987
October 23, 1994

This performance gathered Bay Area artists who had all gone to Japan, reassembling them to explore the effects of their common experience. The event featured June Watanabe, Ernesto Sánchez, Remy Charlip and John Woodall.

Hip-Hop Ecology

Leonard Pitt, A.K. Black, Running Grass,
Ama Deonbi, Rico Gonzalez,
Ed Tywoniak
October 9, 1994

Lydia Matthews: *As part of the city-wide celebration, Odun dé Odun dé: The Global Presence of African Spirit in Contemporary Art, Headlands hosted Hip-Hop Ecology, featuring the work of Eco-Rap, an internationally acclaimed collaboration among Bay Area hip-hop artists, environmental activists and theater professionals. Eco-Rap encourages urban youth, especially young people of color living in the urban communities most affected by toxicity, to learn about the effects of local pollution while challenging environmentalists to broaden their concerns to include social as well as natural habitats. In this lively discussion and performance, presenters explored how a unique form, rap music, came into being as an expression of collaborative cultural resistance. Leonard Pitt, founding member of both George Coates Performance Works and San Francisco's Life On the Water, launched Eco-Rap in 1991 by offering free studio time to urban musicians in exchange for their participation in Toxic Tours of local neighborhoods led by environmental activists. A.K. Black is a Bayview Hunter's Point rapper who participated in the first Eco-Rap competition and now serves as Eco-Rap's Director. Running Grass, Eco-Rap's collaborator and Director of the Three Circles Center, a Marin County-based organization that addresses racial and cultural issues in environmental education, described the nature and history of the Environmental Justice Movement. Two teenage rappers, Raymond Gonzales (a.k.a. RICO, Racist Individuals Can't Oppress) of Richmond, a feature performer on MTV, VH1, and NBC's Home Turf and Ama Deonbi, a 16-year-old who now attends Balboa High School in San Francisco, gave testimonials*



about what Eco-Rap has meant in their lives. They rocked the house with their moving lyrics. Both recently performed in Germany. The event was emceed by composer/producer Ed Tywoniak from BAM magazine and a Professor of Communication Studies at Saint Mary's College.

Ed Tywoniak: When, after a day-long series of presentations, Rico gave this paper in Washington, D.C. for The Children's Environmental Health Network National Symposium he was only one of two people who got a standing ovation.

Rico Gonzalez: I felt pretty uncomfortable, just somebody from the 'hood, sitting there beside a bunch of doctors and smart people. I did this from my heart:

According to a 1987 report by the Commission for Racial Justice, the single most significant factor in the siting of hazardous waste facilities was race. Polluters of those neighborhoods were fined only half as much as polluters of white communities. The most toxic zip code in California, 90058, is a black and Latino community in Los Angeles. Is this an accident? All of the low-income minority neighborhoods in Richmond, California are the same ones where the highest concentration of petrochemical facilities are located. This is my environment.

To take a drive through the streets of Richmond is research enough to know that ghetto youth have immediate environmental problems to deal with. A bullet leaking from the barrel of a gun has an immediate death certificate attached to it, whereas the 889,000 pounds of chemicals 'accidentally' leaked into the air every year take their toll slowly. The environmental problems in the ghetto go much deeper than air pollution.

In these concrete jungles, far too many children are sent on a dangerous walk to school by a single teenage parent,

Portrait of a Gravedigger

Brace thyself as I commence to bust this fungus among us so I must discuss this over 400 plus so we still can't trust this system that's unjust to bring us justice examples given the conditions that we're living in would even be worth my people's keep givin' in the cocaine slanger, baby gang banger but who's gettin' hurt by the burst of the chamber for life remains
I'll spend the rest up the river
brothers are dying from cirrhosis of the liver
hooked on the liquor started from a single swig
first the battle on the bladder then lose the battle on the trigger
lost in America forever doing time
in a cheese line beatin' up my women at half time
everybody's a gangster
till they get yanked point blank
gettin' left to rot till they stank
still brothers never learn
so they burn
crossed off the list
like that myth they call Christmas
of which I celebrate
I can't elevate
from blood clots make em all shout like robots
check out the plot they got to legalize dope
and while you're at it why don't you legalize crime
and gun smoke
who they trying to joke
like if life ain't rough enough
black babies are born pregnant cuckoo for cocoa puffs
growing up corrupt, in a city in handcuffs
calling up the man with the grand plan
Uncle Thomas has promised us and is a finest guy
saying there's better treatment coming to us after we die.
So black host now we can act like we supposed ta walk around bow down yessah massah no sah
for the stompin' vigor livin'
die by the trigger
forever posin' for a portrait of a gravedigger

A.K. Black

who cannot afford a baby-sitter. The child must take care of himself after school. In many cases, children are being raised by drug addicts who care more for a hit than their own child.

If you happen to be born with brown skin and are between the ages of seventeen and twenty-three, welcome to the endangered species list. This is my environment.

Running Grass: Why does it strike us as novel when the word "justice" is suddenly attached to the word "environmental?" In 1991, I sat with over 300 people in Washington, D.C. at a seminal conference called the First National People of Color Environmental Leadership Summit. Every one of them were activists and leaders who had been around for fifteen or twenty years, struggling on "social justice" issues. I sat there spellbound because I had never seen so many people of color who described themselves as "environmental activists" sitting in one room. They were all sparkling with the new insight that environmentalism is our movement too. Traditional social justice issues now had an environmental dimension.

Environmental justice is a grassroots movement that combines social justice and environmental issues. Social justice is about issues our country was born with: the struggle for democratic freedoms, to be able to vote, to determine the quality of life in your community. Environmental justice is about power, the power to define, to identify the issues, to determine what gets funded. Truly decentralized, challenging on a political and on a philosophical level, it represents a turning point for American environmentalism as we have known it. The center of gravity of environmental justice is actually in the deep South, primarily among African Americans, citizen-activists in small towns across the South who have catalyzed understanding of discrimination in environmental matters—where toxic comes from, the making and enforcement of environmental policy. The movement is also in major urban areas in California—Richmond, Oakland—and in our Central Valley,



where for years and years, Latino farm workers have struggled against pesticide poisoning.

Who decides how we define environment? Who decides how we define the person who loves, cherishes, or works on it? The environmental movement defined environmentalism along the lines of preservation of the natural eco-system. Environmental justice suggests the environment is not just Point Reyes or Yosemite and that we need to expand the definition of 'environment' to include cities and those who live in cities. Part of the quality of life is to have an urban natural park like the Presidio. It will attract more people yearly than Yellowstone and Yosemite together. Environmental justice has also contested the environmental movement on the ethnic, racial, and class composition of environmental organizations, whose staffs and boards of directors are 99.9% Caucasian.

Leonard Pitt: I'd had a lengthy career in theater and long been concerned with the fate of the planet. But I was never an environmentalist; and I was never a rapper. In 1991 I was working on two different projects at the same time. One involved ecology and one involved rap music. I just had a light go on in the back of my head to put that hyphen between the eco and the rap: *Eco-Rap*. I didn't know what it meant, but I knew it was a good idea.

My first thought was, "Get young kid rappers involved in environmental issues." I was so naive, thinking, "Let's take them out to the ocean, or to the forests, get them out of the city." But my good friend said, "No Lenny, just take them around their neighborhood. Show them the environment in the city." I had never thought of that.

We devised this thing called "Toxic Tours" of

Genocide Suicide

I. Introduction to Destruction

knowledge flows
followed by the percussion
backed up a capella
when I bust this discussion
mind over bass to a deep middle space
so your brain gravitates
to the thoughts I generate
in the silence I sit in a dim lit room
totally consumed with the scripts from the tomb
taken back to the womb
where the place of the first race
the ones of the kingdom
they come with no birthdate
hella intelligent
equipped with the elements
took out the book and started printin' and spellin' it
god's great creations
builders of nations
the architects of world civilization
a global invasion
erased and replaced
then placed each race in contaminated waste bins
kids are playing in
dying and decaying in
couldn't survive even if they tried staying in
lead poison kills
and destroys baby boys and girls
and they put it in their mouth like toys
cause they can't digest it
blood test infest it
blessed by the priest until in peace they rested
a cry for freedom'
but the government's tone deaf
people are homeless, some even own less
laws full of lies
hella flaws in their alibis
and intro to genocide and suicide

II. Genocidal Suicide

lessons in life to be learned
as the world turns
mega million molecules
that makes the sun burn bright and the moon light
reflect the daylight
a godly sight that's necessary to maintain light
but what a frightening sight
that is seen when the air's not clean
and the sun came clean on the earth

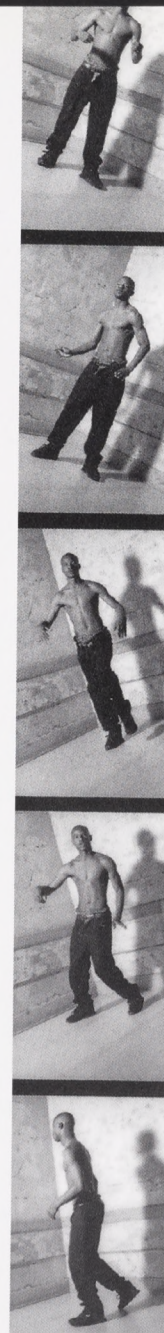
to keep us growing and flourishing
 and rivers flowing and nourishing
 the future looks dim and discouraging
 original man living with nature and animals
 love peace and harmony
 then came the cannibals
 corruption created everything mechanical
 this man with the plan to command —
 flammable the earth shakes
 cause the world can't stand still
 commandos plans says build on landfill
 he'll drill and spill and even kill if he has to
 and watch this, he's got us trapped too
 a Toxic Trip through the neighborhood I'm living
 in
 I can't believe the disease that I'm swimming in
 Drugs coming in killing kids women and men
 no chance to advance
 living life on a limb
 we can't win even if we don't take chemicals
 and the foods we consume are spiked by the
 criminals
 the preservatives killing all our vitamins and
 minerals.
 conditions in third world communities are pitiful
 the meat that we eat like in the beef and the
 chicken
 are full of drugs that makes the growth process
 quicken
 the water is contaminated, they claim it's purified
 it's more like liquefied genocide suicide
 birds and fish being killed by the mills
 when their wings and their gills are filled with
 chemical oil spills
 here's the plot
 waste not want not
 cook em up and serve them to fast food
 restaurants
 it's whacked to me when I see factories
 and nicotine fiends promoting lung disease
 while poisonous gasses that pass from an
 airplane
 fertilize our crops with droplets of purple rain
 and fire a brimstone punches the ozone
 roam the whole zone disasters unknown
 the atmosphere and the air might appear clear
 but beware cause what's not seen is still there
 drug free don't think it won't rock ya
 but each and every day I give a toxic shock here
 space shuttles bust through the earth's dust
 givin' us moon dust

A.K. Black

Richmond, San Francisco, East Palo Alto and Oakland. In San Francisco, we take you to Hunter's Point Naval Shipyards—a Superfund Toxic Site—and show you all the poison there. We take you to the creek that runs under 3rd Street. Our resident ecologist, Denny Larson of Citizens for a Better Environment, tells tour takers about this creek that, at one time, was a source of drinking water. Now worms are living on the toxins in the water. When scientists come in to study a body of water, the first thing they do is to take a look at the toxic worms. If they're really big, that gives them an idea of what they're in for. For young kids on Toxic Tours, it's a real eye opener.

We were focused on green issues in the city when we did a Bay Area rap contest. We picked the forty tapes with the best meaning and flow, good ideas, no "gangsta" stuff. We had those kids go on Toxic Tours in their neighborhoods. You had to be there, to see their eyes light up when they plugged into the issues. A.K. Black was one winner that first year. His talent and commitment to social issues was immediately apparent. A.K. also turned my idea around: environmentalism in the city is not just a green issue. Communities dumped on the most cannot disconnect green from all the other social issues—teenage pregnancy and homelessness and violence and drugs. They all do connect. Look at environmentalism as a stick. There's a long end and a short end. If you're fortunate enough to live on the long end, like most white middle class people, then you can have the luxury of dissociating "green" from "regular social" issues. On the short end, you simply cannot. So, now when we go on Toxic Tours on a drive through the Tenderloin, we count the number of liquor stores. We have to keep asking, "Is this an accident?" No, it's not an accident.

The first year we introduced Eco-Rap, one



young Latino rapper in East Palo Alto didn't want to get involved: "Ecology, that's a white man's problem." His phrase has been ringing in my head for four years. He didn't know there's a Superfund Site in East Palo Alto. Students think I'm saying "Super Fun;" their eyes light up. I say, "No no, there's a 'd' on that." I tell them it's a huge site, usually some old industrial facility, that's toxic, so bad it's really dead earth. Walk on it and you'll get sick; walk on it enough, and it will kill you. They put up a twelve foot chain link fence with barbed wire, and on the gate there's a skull and crossbones. As I talked about this in one of the elementary schools, the teacher said, "Oh that place!" She didn't know what it was, but she recognized it. She said, "There's a hole in that fence. Kids walk across that field all the time!" And this young man was telling me ecology is a "white man's problem." He could be one of those kids walking across that field.

Many schools now are really disintegrating. That's the bad news. But the good news is that, of the kids who are in them, the vast majority want to do good. No child was ever born wanting to be a failure. Kids are born like a whole piece of cloth, woven nice and tight and beautiful; living in a disintegrating social condition slowly tears that fabric apart until it's just loose ends. Go into the worst high school in your town; in Oakland, that might be Castlemont. Drive by—roll up the windows and lock the door. But go into the school, what do you find? Ninety-nine point nine percent of the kids are great! I was a failing student myself, but I went for the arts. Luckily, I had a teacher in high school who took me by the art handle, and that led to my whole person. There are tons of kids out there with lots of talent. But we've got to find the handle. Amazingly, if you point the kids toward an issue—kids really want to do good—you can help them to their own tools. Just find whatever their interest is—pool, boxing, graffiti, art, dancing, rap—grab it, and it will take you to the whole person.

A.K. Black: My name is A.K. Black: "All Knowing Blessed Living Among Conscious Kin." That's my spiritual name; I don't use my slave name. I'm not an environmentalist and I'm

Toxic Reality

Oh yes, I'm beginning, the one, the one that you never heard
living rough, living life so won't you hear my word
growing up I learned a gang of things around the way
and one is on this earth I know I wanna stay
but under this government I swear it's not very fair
we the people gotta clean up our own air
so they can support jails, wars and firearms
but can't stop the chemicals that cause harm
to the people in the neighborhood
if I don't speak up, which sister would?
Well I don't know, but I call earth my home sweet home
and I recycle, never dare use Styrofoam
It sounds funny, but you're ignorant, you don't see
do you know that a park was damn near killin' me
I won't forget, someday, my people going to church
I had a horrible dream and woke up feeling hurt
My friends came to get me for a picnic in the park
feeling good, take a breath, feel a panic, ooh it's sharp
what did I breathe in
I can't see in
I'm gettin' weak and then I fall onto my knees
damn, hospitalized, by potent toxins in the air
high profit money, organizations don't care
now I'm in this bed looking at the ceiling, wondering why
got on my knees, prayin' to God to keep me alive
just because the ignorant new chemicals stay under that cover
waiting to be unleashed but they ain't tested
we buy product, left to disease and left you guessing
then it's only four water inspectors for the Bay
four of us can't keep the water clean every day
and EPA, no, it doesn't stop there
let's unite, cause this earth, we all gotta share
but I'm mad, living in the 'hood, we live like sewer rats,
on top of that, clean air is what we all lack
but people always wanna take the easy way, ya
but we're gonna be burnt to a crisp without a doubt
by the ozone layer gone, it ain't even there
aerosol sprays and smoke, contaminate the air
now I think about things unjustified
that the government upholds, must we all die?
makin' people wanna smoke because they're stressed inside,
but they'll stick strong filled with formaldehyde
not to mention the second hand smoke cause
cancer can't think, or focus
look, people that makin' money off this dyin'
smell the coffee, it's rich and I ain't lyin'
all I'm asking is to help the earth baby
so we can live on many, many more days
but if you ask me, we were set up this way
it's just a test, let's see the people oughtta stay
what silence is is fear between all of us
are we not animals, and our instincts we outta trust?
well my instincts, we'll let you all see

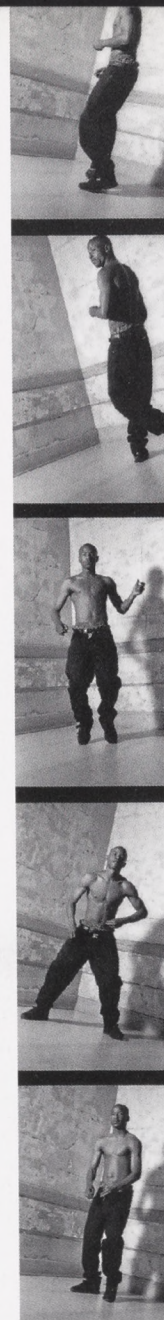
Ama Deonbi

not an ecologist. I had no concept of green issues, and I really was not interested. My mentality was, "That's a white man's problem." I got involved in this Eco-Rap thing to get selected for the studio time. I had to go on this Toxic Tour and I'm thinking "Okay, what can you show me in my 'hood that I don't know already?" But it was like shocking! Some of the places we went on the tour were places I used to fish as a kid. We'd sit down an' eat the fish not knowing at the time that it was toxic. It still is, and I still have a lot of family living in Bayview Hunter's Point.

Once I took the Toxic Tour, I said, "How can I be a part of this without being a rah-rah person?" You know what I'm sayin'? I hate those bleedin' heart kind of people where every time you cut your finger, "Oh, we gotta have a right to cut fingers now!" I just wanted to be able to speak my piece and speak it to people who otherwise would not have this kind of knowledge. Rap was one way.

I got involved in Eco-Rap as a way of educating youth, getting involved telling brothers and sisters what's going on. Malcolm X once said that one of the most common mediums for communication is language. If I come to you and speak the language you understand, you will know exactly what I'm saying. Everybody and their mama listens to rap music. Rap is Rhythmic African Poetry, Rhythmic American Poetry if you will. It is definitely black culture, but it is also environmental music—talking about everything goin' on in the 'hood.

To understand rap you have to understand hip-hop. Rap music is to hip-hop what the heart is to the body. It's like a driving force. Hip-



hop is a culture; rap is just one component. Black people have been stripped to the point where we've had to take everything and convert it. Throughout the "regathering" of our thoughts, we've created what is called hip-hop slanganology. Within hip-hop, you also have graffiti arts. People think, "Graffiti is vandalism," but what were hieroglyphics? They were also a secret order of speaking. It's dance, too. Breakdancing is tribal. It's spiritual, stuff we can study in our history, in films and books. I see hip-hop music as an educational tool, particularly in communities of color. So, I like rap music and I don't like it. I love it because rap music is a total spiritual expression. It's intuitive—you listen to what your inside is saying. But I don't like it when we allow someone else to define what our art is all about. So that's why we walkin' around and we hangin' with our belts below our behinds and that type of stuff. We think that's Black culture. That is not Black culture, and that is not a definition of Black music. It's like, "I want you to pose this way," so now we're posing with guns in our hands! What we don't understand is that the person who's taking the picture is putting us in our graves. That's why I titled my composition as I did: *Portrait of a Gravedigger*.

Ama Deonbi: I knew about environmental issues, but I had never addressed them. I'd say "Okay, we have chemicals in the air, and I know our water is dirty but, just because I recycle a can doesn't mean it's gonna help tomorrow because the person next door isn't doing it." That was my frame of thinking. I first got involved with Eco-Rap at Philip and Sala Burton, a good academic high school. To get in you need a really good grade point average. I had been an A student and always on the honor roll, but when I went there it was difficult for me. There were a lot of good students, and a lot of the kids felt like they were better, period. I started to lose motivation to learn. My second year, I took a drama class with a really good teacher. Eco-Rap came and we got involved with them.

I'd always had an interest in music — from my father — and in rap. Always. It was my little hobby, my expression. I would

It Ain't Easy

I'm living in hell is what it seems
the Bible feeding me pipe dreams
trying to get me to pledge allegiance
to the flag of the devil's dreams
of chains upon the arms upon the legs upon
the brains
of the originals and those who came directly
after the black rain
and so here we stand
many a thousand a years from the days of
way back
from living in harmony, in slavery, that modern
day crap
financial situation
for all the ghettos across the nation
is the same for people of color
and a few white brothers
stuck in a genocide game
so come one come all
check out the
— of killing each other off
it's ghetto life and he's got his rap
and goddamn we got to sling rocks to survive
and at the same time
while bringing home the bacon being harassed
by swine
it ain't easy
and saying positive living sleazy
but like any smart young brother
I'm taking a road that's easy
and seems most realistic
cause all the statistics say
that many blacks and Puerto Ricans
won't see their 21st birthday
I kissed my mama good-bye
stepped into the streets of the 510
I know I'm sitting on death row
but hopin' this ain't the day I go so
to stay alive you best believe I do the best I
can
and I tell you what though goddamn
it ain't easy

I'm just a victim of Americanism and it's
plain to see
that with some action slacks and a tie that
some good jobs still won't be havin' me
America, the land of the free and home of
the brave
whether it was built on stolen land
with the blood and the sweat of the slave
so what am I gonna do
go to my school and get my education
yeah, when I can't look in my history books
and find my people anywhere
gravediggers put us here so look at how we
stand
— in the midst of ghetto land
who's the man?
so if I don't go to school
what in the hell am I missing?
Cause even if I graduate
can't pay the kind of tuition.
I'm stuck in a kind of situation
trying to decide between
pockets all fat from selling crack
or gettin' my education
either way is a dead end, what it seems like
we ain't promised no jobs tomorrow
but there'll always be smokers on the glass
pipe
but if I get smoked I won't be selling nothing
to those fiends
and getting out of the ghetto with my head
intact is my dream
my mama be trying to make me stay in
school for my diploma
but I just shine her off and say yeah yeah I
know ma
knowin' damn well if I ever graduate that
she'd faint
I don't know what my life is
but I know what it ain't

Rico Gonzalez

do rhymes, poems. They came to me, and I wanted somebody to hear. A.K. opened up what hip-hop was— how it's a whole culture, how it has different components to it. We had a choice to do a rap or a play or something to do with ecology, I wrote my first Eco-Rap. It was called *Toxic Reality*. Why, when I go into another environment, is everything clean? It has to do with the social environment. Why does toxicity have to be in a colored environment? I think it's because if people are constantly struggling just to stay in their home, or keep their lights on, they can't really focus on environmental issues.

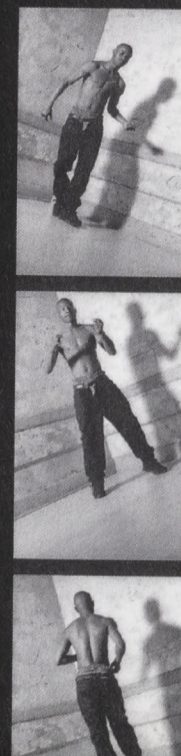
RG (RICO): I'm just a kid from the ghetto who wrote about what got me upset. Ever since I've been rapping—about teenage pregnancy, about drug dealers—I've been rapping about my environment. My mother was 15 when she had me; I was a drug dealer before I was in ninth grade. The environment was not my concern. Survival day-by-day was. Both of my parents were hooked on heroin; I had to make money to feed myself and my little sister, who's the only reason I didn't put a bullet into my head. I was born in Queens, and lived in the South Bronx, which looks like somebody flew over and dropped a bomb on it—whole blocks with nothing but abandoned buildings, piles of bricks where buildings used to be, and then, on the other side of the street, a bunch of homeless people. When I moved to California it was like heaven. Trees around, an ocean you can actually swim in. It doesn't make any sense. When it came to the air and all that stuff, that didn't matter to me. It was like, "Great. Now I have to worry about just breathing, and making some Kool-Aid with some water that's not good for me?" We have two gangs, the 13s and the 14s, the Bloods and the Crips of Richmond. I have to worry about them, about getting shot if I wear a certain color.

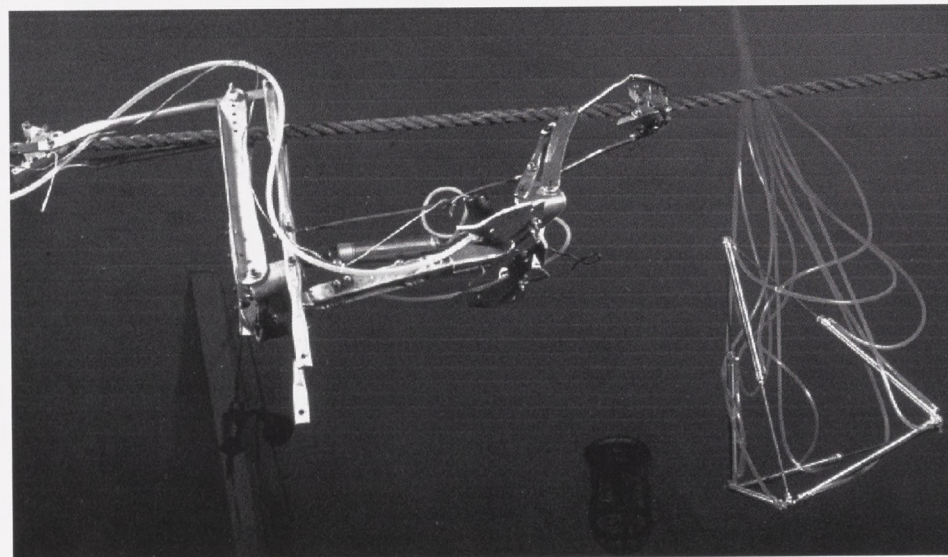
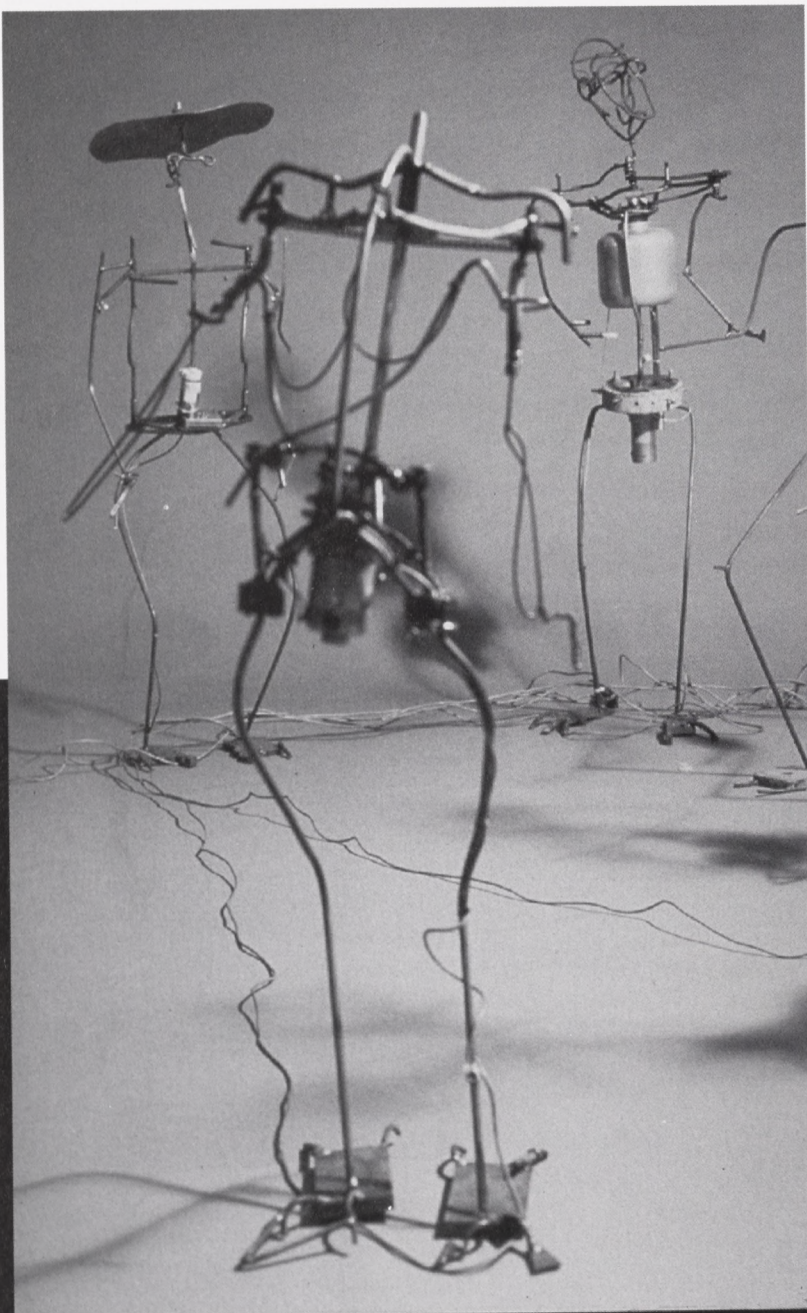
I got involved in Eco-Rap because they were offering free studio time for the winner and, I'm broke as a joke so, I decided, why not? Thank God I got chosen, because it opened my eyes. What Leonard did, with Eco-Rap, was to bring kids who weren't interested in it at all in on what was called Toxic Tours, going around the neighborhood where we lived, to let us see what was going on right in our backyards.

My experience at Headlands was invaluable providing me with meals, studio, and stipend. It allowed me to grow creatively without the pressures of financial burdens. The staff was incredible making me feel at home from the very first interview. I would recommend Headlands to anyone wishing to expand their artistic talents. The experience is something I will never forget and always cherish.

Thank you Headlands.

Roland Johnson
Artist-in-Residence
Bay Area





Over the years of working with the machine as a metaphorical and physical element in my sculpture, I have noticed how each human I see is an element in society as a whole, similar to the way each of my machines make up a metaphorical element in the society that I have been creating. The beings in both of these parallel societies often behave in a similar fashion and are all part of a bigger machine.

At this point I have built over 80 machines, Humanoid, Anthropomorphic and Abstract. The Humanoid machines can carry out an action or series of actions that are computer programmed, played manually

or affected by audience response. The Humanoid machines have the ability to learn through the process of programming as well as being taught something live by an audience member. Their actions depict the most primal aspects of the human condition: elegant, strong and threatening, and at the same time, weak and pathetic. The Anthropomorphic machines depict conceptual elements. A few examples would be "The Amorphic Cancerous Growth Generating Device" and "The Liquid Inseminating Device." When all of the elements are brought together they form a unique and vulnerable society, affected by technology,

group norm tendencies and the environment in which they are placed. I formed Amorphic Robot Works after realizing that a number of computer programmers and technicians were interested in working with me. In turn, I could credit them for the work they were doing. Their goal has been to build the brains for the machines and to apply them to a situation which I have conceived. As my sculptures become more intricate so does the computer software and hardware that run them. This process informs the next generation of machines.

Chico MacMurtrie
Artist-in-Residence
Bay Area

P E R F O R M A N C E

Anne-Lise Berntsen November 20, 1994

Called "Norway's most exciting soprano," Anne Lise-Berntsen performed medieval Norwegian songs and prayers, Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire," recent music by Lasse Thoresen composed for her, Mussorgsky's complete "Songs and Dances of Death," and a scene from "Elektra" by Richard Strauss. Her pianist was Peter Grunberg, the San Francisco

Opera's assistant conductor.

Berntsen may be one of Europe's best-kept secrets, but perhaps concerts such as this will spread the word. Year after year in Oslo's Ultima Festival of New Music, Berntsen has been an extraordinarily persuasive champion of young Norwegian composers such as Rolf Wallin and Thoresen.

The real surprise came in Elektra's first monologue from the Strauss opera, if only because so few sopra-

nos today can negotiate this superhuman score at all. This is the scene in the courtyard where Elektra remembers her father's murder and imagines revenge in chilling detail. Grunberg's touch was vital in the thankless piano reduction, as electrifying as Berntsen's singing. For her part, Berntsen seemed born to the role.

The cries of "Agamemmon . . . wo bist Du?" carried elemental force, tonally firm and dramatically just right. The



power was awesome, unstoppable. The physical experience of hearing this voice in this music was at once frightening and sensual. In the Strauss and Mussorgsky as well as in the Kvandal selections that followed, Berntsen's technique emerged as idiosyncratic but solid. A true dramatic soprano, she could push her head voice down to a B flat and lose none of the vocal sheen. Her breath support was impeccable. The dead-on aim

of her attacks, and the sheer power she could summon, put one in mind of Birgit Nilsson or Regine Crespin.

But it was the womanly warmth of Berntsen's singing, the sensual generosity of her voice that explained why she is being compared to her compatriot Kirsten Flagstad. The music world deserves to know this woman better.

Octavio Roca,
San Francisco Chronicle
November 22, 1994

Tasting Difference: Food and the Immigration Experience

Opal Palmer Adisa, José Antonio Burciaga, Daphne Derven, Joanne Ikeda, Arnold Iger & Paul Kwan, Maggie Byth Klein, Richard Oyama, Victor Mario Zaballa
November 6, 1994

Lydia Matthews: *Food and identity seemed an inviting way to begin thinking critically about immigration, one of the most volatile subjects in contemporary international politics. People feel more comfortable entering a discussion about immigration on a culinary level than a complex social one. This event kicked off a week-long, Bay Area-wide symposium on Immigration and Cultural Identity: What Does It Mean To Become An American In The 90s? co-sponsored by Headlands, the California College of Arts and Crafts, The Oakland Museum, Berkeley's Pacific Film Archive and San Francisco Cinematheque. Early in the day, CCAC students and invited presenters joined forces in the Mess Hall to prepare the evening's feast. Everyone was invited to bring their favorite family recipe and collaborated with the Headlands chef Laurie*

MacKenzie in preparing the dishes, while telling stories about our memories associated with these immigrant foods—from sushi to spanakopita, Vietnamese pork stew, tamales with mole, chinese broccoli with steamed rice, and brownies.

Though Americans often believe that eating a variety of ethnic foods allows one to "experience" and accept cultural differences, this is debatable. But there is no question that immigration issues are keenly manifested in our cities' restaurants: new eating establishments spring up wherever immigrant communities settle, and the restaurant labor pool is comprised predominantly of immigrants. Significantly, two days after our panel, Proposition 187 was voted into existence by an overwhelming margin.

Food anthropologist Daphne Derven moderated the afternoon's interdisciplinary panel addressing the power politics and poetics of culinary culture. Speaking in the first part of the program were Joanne Ikeda, Professor of Nutritional Science at UC Berkeley, known for her work on the dietary patterns of new immigrant populations; José Antonio Burciaga, Fellow at Casa Zapata at Stanford, and founding member of Culture Clash, poet and writer of two books, Drink Futura, and Spilling the Beans, with a third in progress, Give Them an Inch and They'll Take the

Whole Enchilada, stories about "jalapeños, and margarita drinks and all kinds of Mexican foods and the humor and wisdom behind it all;" Maggie Byth Klein, owner of Oliveto Cafe in Oakland, author of The Feast of the Olive Cookbook; and Arnold Iger and Paul Kwan, who are the founders and co-directors of Persona Grata Productions, formed to explore issues of cultural identity. They have done several award winning video projects, one of which is Anatomy of a Spring Roll and another called Pins and Noodles. Artist-in-Residence Victor Mario Zaballa also contributed to this discussion.

Daphne Derven: Our discussion of food and culture, food and immigration here is framed as "tasting difference." I can't think of a better place to have a discussion of immigration than Headlands. As I drove here, I thought how it is not possible to get here without seeing the Golden Gate - not the bridge, but the opening. That entry into the bay, the Golden Gate, symbolizes for many peo-

ple the entry into America, just as the Statue of Liberty did on the East Coast. There have been political, social, and economic issues around cultural groups coming together for as long as we have been able to study culture. We need to pass through them and look at what we have in common as a diverse group. One is food. Food also represents special memories, special occasions, nutritional issues, cultural values.

José Antonio Burciaga: What's on my mind is not food, but immigration, Proposition 187. *Yo soy Mexicano*—my parents are Mexican. But I was born in this country, a U.S. citizen, I served in the U.S. military, worked with the government - yet, I feel like a target. Everybody has their own illegal immigrant behind them. And we're all immigrants: here on this earth for only a little bit, then gone forever.

About 15 years ago, when I was working in Silicon Valley as an illustrator, I heard two guys

Agrifiction

It was a Thursday in July. Harriet was doing research at the Kroeber Institute for a think piece on bioengineering: frost proof strawberries and their impact on society, that kind of thing. Her tour guide, the head of botanical research, opened a door into a dim hallway lined with observation windows for several labs. In the room on the other side of the first rectangle of thick greenish glass, technicians stood at high black tables rapidly manipulating tan pulp into various useful-looking shapes. Over the beep and drone of com-

plicated machinery, Dr. Eagleton's voice calmly explained to her that the material these research assistants were testing was the wood of a tree which had been painstakingly developed through genetic manipulation from many different sources of breeding stock. When first cut, he told her, the wood of this tree was so soft that you could shape it with the simplest of tools, even with your fingers, as some of the white-coated technicians were doing. In a relatively short period of time, however, this same wood cured to a dense, dark hardness, a material as light as

aluminum but stronger than any existing alloy. It was as if the molecules gave up the space inside themselves, each atomic particle sighing and moving over a little until they were all shoulder to shoulder, matter packed more tightly than ever before.

Dr. Eagleton led her further down the corridor. In the next room, parts and tools made of the cured wood broke whining metal into ugly scrap. In the next, fired in kilns used to make ceramic nose cones for missiles, the wood failed to incinerate at inconceivably high temperatures. Mesmerized, she

stood and stared at the glowing white machined shapes, so hot they had themselves become a source of light.

She felt a hand on her arm. Unfortunately, the doctor's voice whispered below the roar of the furnace, the point at which this discovery can enter the public domain and be of some real use to the world is still several years away. Twelve, fifteen maybe. These trees, you see, are very difficult to grow. They must be carefully interplanted with certain other species in a very particular kind of tropical rainforest. Only in Brazil, really.

She looked at him, shocked. In fifteen years that rainforest will be virtually all gone, she said. It'll all have been cut down to clear land for grazing, never to grow back. Yes, he replied, watching blades of the wood drop easily through stacks of metal: Yes, I'm afraid that you are right. Our appetite for all-beef patties, for bacon double cheeseburgers, Big Macs and Whoppers, will deny the world the one raw material that could solve so many of our problems.

You have to do something, she said loudly. You can't just let this happen. But,

even as she spoke, she heard another voice inside her head, singing, have it your way . . . this is a Burger King town . . . what a good time for the great taste. And in front of the flickering flames, she could see the smiling faces of little children of several races, of senior citizens and cute bubbly teenage girls, all singling, all happy, all eating big juicy slabs of ground meat in plump tan buns.

Maria Porges
Artist-in-Residence
Bay Area

talking. One says, "My son bought these fantastic burritos in San Francisco, it was on València Street." ("Valensha" Street, of course.) The other responds, "Fantastic burritos, but the neighborhood leaves something to be desired." So I was inspired to write this:

There's a vulture over our culture
and the pigments in our hides hang down their shades
thinking that the odor of menudo will keep them away
And the mashing of frijoles for a thousand years
will remind you of the daily grind of finding
and feeding them clay pellets to our children.
The tortilla will survive as our holy communion, our daily bread
But I fear for the tostada, for already she is hailed as an open face taco.
And chili picante or no picante—now we have mild, medium, hot and very hot
And I saw glutinous bodies protruding from empty hamburger boxes

And the yellow ribbon proclaims the sales of six billion synthetic xerox hamburgers with
computerized French fries
And man became dog's best friend so they ate better
than half the world, chunks of beef,
protein and vitamin for a healthier bow wow.
So I think of our culture in the neighborhood that leaves something to be desired.
The canned tamales came in wrapped in wax paper
because too many people ate the corn husk with a knife and fork.
Corn husk with a knife and fork, no less.
The Taco Bell rang three time
and three times I denied their food
fearing they were xerox copies
and still some call this Spanish food.
Then someone asked me where the best Mexican food
was served and I kept quiet,
thinking of the house and the home
and desired something to be left.

There is a big difference between Spanish food and Mexican food. Tamales are not Spanish. People are afraid to say "Mexican," because the word has been dragged through the mud so long. Mexican food has been in this state longer than American food. Mexico never left the Southwest, it just turned English. So I always feel at home when I'm eating Mexican food here.

Tacos have become hamburgers' stiffest competitors as this country's favorite fast food. In Redwood City, California, the Mexican flag was hoisted over the Taco Bell fast food restaurant and the local Mexican-American business community was angered, so the flag was taken down. Taco Bell was determined to make inroads into the Mexican community through its culture and economy. Today Taco Bell has not only infiltrated the *barrios* but even has opened up its first restaurant in—of all places—Mexico City! I was aghast when they built a Taco Bell in San Francisco's Mission District - where salsa music, bright murals and traffic lights compete for attention, and where there is at least one *taqueria* every two blocks. This fast food restaurant came complete with California Mission style architecture, and a yellow plastic bell. In the Mission, *taquerias* are San Francisco's nouvelle eating places, yuppies and business executives from uptown dine, elbow to elbow, with cholos and Latinos, on exquisitely prepared tacos and burritos made from charbroiled diced beef, chicken, pork, corned beef, tongue, brains, or veggies for vegetarians. The *taquerias* are so popular that most customers are veritable connoisseurs of which is the best in town. So it was brazen of Taco Bell to come into the Mission District to try to sell their mild imitations of the real thing.

Even so they sold tacos to Chicanos and other Latinos in the barrio like they were going out of *estilo*. *¿Que pasó?* The news was so disturbing that the godfather of the Mission District, René Yañez, took me to see it. "You must write about this," he said. But what seemed like a crowd outside was a slow, meandering unemployment line. In the morning, the Taco Bell restaurant was where Latinos searched for a day's work.

The Taco Bell menu can be a mystery if one is not familiar with the renamed food items. They can even puzzle a bicultural person. What's an "enchirito?" "A combination burrito and enchilada," the manager answered, half bored and following his response with a half accusing glance at my ignorance. They feature a "Mexican pizza," a flat flour tortilla smothered with refried beans and topped with ground beef, cheese and shredded lettuce. But what were "Cinnamon Crispas?" They were similar to *buñuelos*, fried flour tortillas generously sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon. Other items on the menu included "Nachos Bell Grande," "Taco Bell Grande," and, of course, the kid's "Fiesta Meal," which seemed incomplete without a piñata. They also listed "Steak Fajitas" and "Chicken Fajitas" complete with a helpful spelling "Fa-hi-tas." There is something surreal about having to tear a little plastic package with ones teeth in order to get to a salsa that is more mild and sweet than hot.

Orders are served in under five minutes and placed on a plastic tray with a paper placemat headlined, "The Border Run." It depicts an open highway in the desert leading to a Taco Bell and sur-

rounded by highway signs that tell you to crack it, bust it, jump it, snap it, or cross it. This, of course, is a subtle reference to crossing the border illegally, or jumping a ditch once proposed south of San Diego. The hidden message is that eating at Taco Bell can be not only a real treat, but a real live Indiana Jones adventure. And who is the clientele in this Taco Bell in the barrio? *Los pobres*, the poor people, seniors on fixed retirement income, and immigrants who have jumped, crossed or beat it to this site. At 50 cents per taco, where else can a poor family eat for less than ten dollars with free drink refills? Where else can Latino teenagers hang out to socialize? Not at the *barrio taquerias* where tacos start at a dollar fifty each.

Joanne Ikeda: Though we benefit from immigration through the new foods we're introduced to, we introduce many foods to the people who come here, and who leave many foods behind. I asked the Hmong about foods they used to but no longer consumed. Some they could only describe using a Hmong word: "There is no English translation for this because this food is only available in our home land and we can no longer eat it now in the U.S." On the other hand, there is no Hmong word for pear, because they didn't have pears.

Before arriving, immigrants are generally eating a very adequate diet, the traditional one. In every situation in every culture, it is possible to obtain the basic 50 nutrients from the food supply. In their former homeland, most immigrants were involved in food acquisition. But once here they don't recognize that there are differences in the nutrient density and quality of food in the U.S. And with acculturation the immigrants pick up the worst of American dietary practices. They had valued "American" food in their homeland - for the Hmong, that's the northernmost regions of Laos and Vietnam and Thailand - where, to be able to buy a Coca-Cola gives one tremendous status and prestige and means one has wealth. Here, with things like Coke generally available, they abandon their traditional nourishing beverages.

My investigations of the food habits of new immigrant and minority populations in California (primarily Hispanics from Mexico, the Hmong in the Central Valley, Chinese-Americans, Vietnamese-Americans, Korean-Americans and Native Americans) show some Natives and immigrants are still hunting and gathering, fishing, still acquiring part of their food supply in traditional ways. The Hmong are a good example. They had no private ownership of land, and practiced slash and burn agriculture. Every five years, when the soil nutrients were completely exhausted, they would pick up their things and relocate. When they came here they were absolutely horrified to find so much open unused soil, and whatever piece of earth there was outside their public housing project or the apartment house, the Hmong would cultivate it, growing for food and medicine. The Hmong don't like to go to the supermarket and buy food - it isn't fresh enough for them, the cheese smells rotten to them. They go to farmers, get live animals and do the slaughtering and butchering themselves.

Immigrants are often introduced to new foods in this country through their children, who learn about the new foods if they go to Headstart, or if they eat a school lunch or breakfast program—meals generally high in fat and highly processed like pizza and corn dogs. The schools serve them because the government gives very restricted amounts towards these programs, so they're forced to have paying customers.

We asked the Hmong women in the Central Valley, "What foods would you like to know more about?" The first thing they said was, "Cake." Why? They said, "Our children are going to school, and they're learning how to celebrate their birthdays with a thing called birthday cake." In their homeland, they did not have the birthday custom.

JAB: I've lived on the Texas border all my life, traveling in Mexico quite a bit. They're already drinking our soft drinks in Mexico. So, the immigrants who come over here are already used to them. They're cheaper than milk, which poor people without refrigeration can't keep in their houses.

Victor Mario Zaballa: I work in schools doing puppet shows, so I travel through the whole state and the Southwest. In most of the schools, I would say the kind of food they serve is close to junk. It really surprised me to see the school teachers suggesting to the kids to go for the corn chips and stuff like that, even though they have vegetables.

In Manteca, though, I went to a school where the multi-purpose room was right in front of the kitchen. Very early, around eight a.m., we saw about twenty ladies, all of them speaking *español*, bringing in potatoes and all kinds of vegetables. They started to cut and wash everything. It felt like a Mexican kitchen. I asked, "Do you work here every day?" "No, we are parents, we took over the kitchen." The parents rotate. And believe it, the kids eat it. It was amazing. I talked to the principal to congratulate him but he said, "Ah, I had nothing to do with that." He absolutely loved that, because the whole school was taken over, and teachers and parents were this close. A high percentage of the community of that school were farm workers. We did a bilingual puppet program that the school had no money for, so the parents paid for it. It's a very low-income area, but I think it's something people should learn to do: just come and take over the kitchen. As far as I know, they won't lose money. With your parent cooking, you eat.

DD: What we're getting now in schools, basically, is a TV dinner. Larger school districts have gone to centralized kitchens (they have cook/chill systems) where everything is pre-prepared, pre-packaged for "cost-cutting." I agree. I'd much rather have people from the community preparing food that sends wonderful smells and odors versus this stale food that comes three hours to a week after somebody cooked it.

Arnold Iger: *Anatomy of a Spring Roll* started with a conversation. I was talking to Paul about how there was a lapse in one generation so I never learned how to cook my grandmother's potato latkes. My mother didn't know how to make them. So we got hold of a video camera and started to document Paul's mother making spring rolls. I saw a relationship between cultures and food and the way the oral tradition figures in.

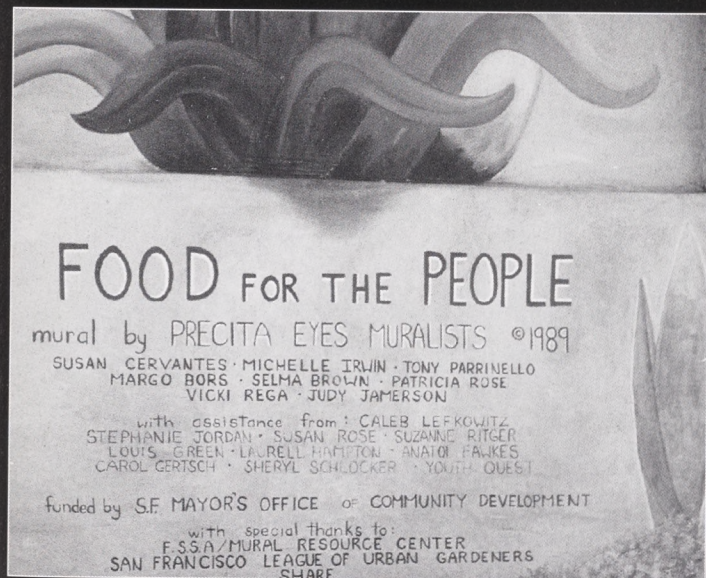
Paul Kwan: I think Arnold should clarify that Arnold's grandmother is a great cook, but Arnold's mother is not a very good cook.

AI: Well, she's often said her least favorite room in the house is the kitchen. She was in the position, like a lot of people, of having to make a living and had no time to prepare things, whereas my grandmother spent a lot of time cooking, loved shopping, loved preparing things, and would make a huge meal for a big family. My parents' generation didn't have that luxury, and a lot of people today

don't have that luxury either.

PK: We documented a spring roll-making process because as a child in California, I had learned to cook almost anything - Spanish, French, Italian. But my spring rolls were never as good as my mom's. So I wanted to find out what I did wrong. Through the documentation, I realized that there are certain things my mom does that she assumed I knew, and didn't need to explain - like squeezing so the roll was not too wet and wouldn't fall apart when fried.

I've now become Americanized when I cook, since I don't want anyone in the kitchen except myself. But cooking with the family in Asia is very different. The whole family works together, we gossip, and that's how we learn the cooking secrets of other members of the family. I do believe we get a cultural experience when we go to a restaurant. When I travel, the first thing I do is to eat the native cuisine. It is part of the culture - and besides, I can't go to museums if I'm hungry!



The Garden Project Mural



The Mess Hall, Headlands Center for the Arts

**Headlands, Sausalito,
California
Fragmentos**

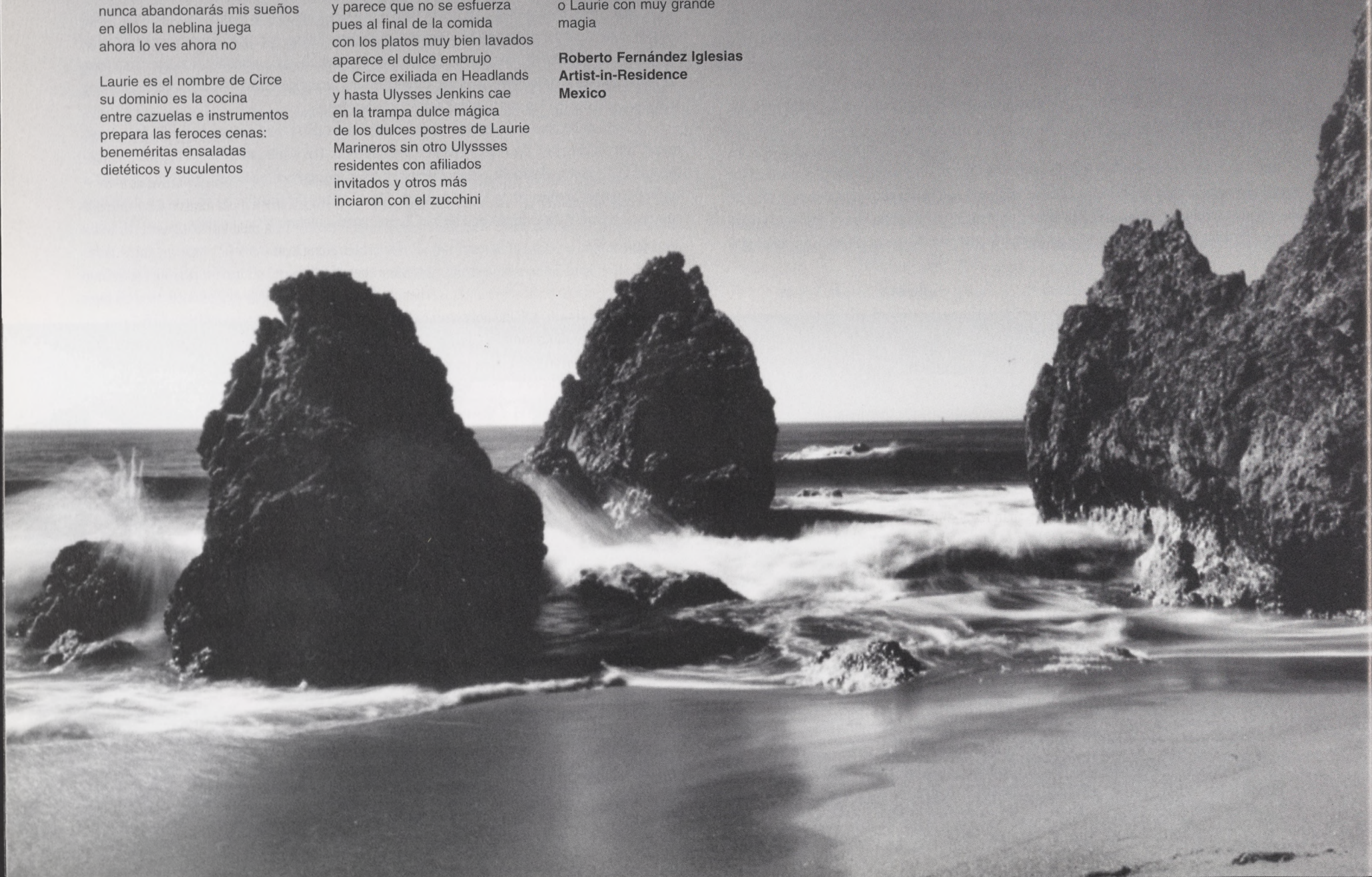
Fuente fantasía tramposa
entre la neblina encontrado
nunca abandonarás mis sueños
en ellos la neblina juega
ahora lo ves ahora no

Laurie es el nombre de Circe
su dominio es la cocina
entre cazuelas e instrumentos
prepara las feroces cenas:
beneméritas ensaladas
dietéticos y succulentos

sopas y guisos exquisitos
Antes de cocinar estudia
los documentos de su magia
al sonar de cumbias y salsas
Luego selecciona los vinos
autoriza los dulces postres
y parece que no se esfuerza
pues al final de la comida
con los platos muy bien lavados
aparece el dulce embrujo
de Circe exiliada en Headlands
y hasta Ulysses Jenkins cae
en la trampa dulce mágica
de los dulces postres de Laurie
Marineros sin otro Ulyssses
residentes con afiliados
invitados y otros más
inciaron con el zucchini

propio de las mil y una cenas
al finalizar en los postres
desearían no salir nunca
de cinco cenas semanales
que en Headlands elabora
Circe
o Laurie con muy grande
magia

**Roberto Fernández Iglesias
Artist-in-Residence
Mexico**



AI: I've embraced Chinese cooking since leaving New York, I'm assimilating to the things here, and feel enriched by the San Francisco environment. There's an entertainment aspect to going out for food you haven't had before. But am I having a "cultural experience?" I'm not sure. I'm thinking instead about the flavors, about the nutrition, about if it's priced right. I approach it from an aesthetic point of view.

Maggie Byth Klein: Immigrant cooking affects mainstream eating in the Bay Area and beyond, particularly in popular restaurants. I'm a WASP with a tad of Czech. I'd traveled extensively and become very passionate about the foods of northern Italy and southern Spain, the inspiration of the restaurant my husband and I started eight years ago. I was quite intent on having the food as "authentic" as it could possibly be. We hired a chef who had been cooking in Spain for years. We used the best polenta we could get from Italy. I imported my own olive oil from Chianti. We started serving tapas. It was a complete fiasco! We had to double or triple the quantities we were serving, because people made little dinners out of them. So, it was a corruption.

Then we discovered the fabulous farmers' markets! We started creating the menu from what we were finding there. Our inspiration was from Italy, but our food became something that could only have happened in California. Any Bay Area restaurant that tries to create authentic Spanish or Yugoslavian or Mexican food is not going to succeed, by virtue of the fact that its customers have driven in on East Bay streets, walking on American carpets, looking out at eucalyptus trees. There is just no way the experience can be wholly from the other country.

Something that has bothered me for many years is that the real Mexican restaurants here, the real Chinese noodle houses, all those truly immigrant family-run restaurants charge, I think, disgracefully low prices. So the same people who pay thirty dollars a person at Lulu's will go, the next night, to a restaurant in Oakland and expect to pay five dollars for their entrées, appalled if they have to pay anything over eight dollars an entrée in an Indian restaurant. I think that is deplorable.

Questions from the Audience:

Q: I don't think that to go to an "ethnic" restaurant is really a "cultural experience." When white restaurant owners charge really high prices for ethnic food, we are literally appropriating and consuming what we call "another culture" in a restaurant, and so we can reject other elements we find threatening. Why is it necessary to find some sort of pure, authentic food?

MBK: I didn't see any food in America as good as the food I was eating in my friends' houses in Tuscany. I wanted to transport these foods back to the Bay Area.

Q: As an artist, I think it would be more interesting, instead of importing them directly, to find a creative mix of the ingredients you find here.

Q: Going to a restaurant is not a "cultural experience." Only when I go to somebody's house do I experience a sense of crossing cultures. This society often pretends to be open, but it is not. When I came to this country I would take food to school and share, but others never would. Sharing is the only way to have cross-cultural experiences. That means inviting people to your house.

Q: I would like to add another issue, the immigrant experience of coming here to be excluded and belittled because of their inevitable problem with food and exercise. When they arrive, as Joanne Ikeda mentioned, nobody acquaints anybody with the fact that some of our foods have no nutrients and lots and lots of fat. Nobody says that if you are used to walking half a mile for a bucket of water in another society, and then you come to this country, you are going to need something called "exercise." Many poor immigrants here have access only to the cheap foods they had associated with wealth and which backfire on them concerning status. Then the medical profession treats them as if they were idiotic and stupid for being fat, and not exercising. The prejudice against them when it comes to jobs and being admitted to various forms of education increases. Even though food may appear trite, trivial and self indulgent, nevertheless, it raises deeply important issues about fear and hate and insecurity, and indicates our own uneasiness about the future of our society.

Over Dinner

Lydia Matthews: *Following an extensive audience question and answer session, the event continued with the evening's feast, punctuated with additional poetry readings and storytelling by Opal Palmer Adisa, José Antonio Burciaga, Richard Oyama. Victor Mario Zaballa delivered a performance with music and food props from his Day of the Dead altar. Opal Palmer Adisa is a Jamaican-born writer who chairs California College of Arts and Crafts' Ethnic Studies Program. Richard Oyama is both a writer and Professor of English and Ethnic Studies at the California College of Arts and Crafts. Visual and performance artist Victor Mario Zaballa is a 1994 Headlands Artist-in-Residence whose works synthesize traditional Mexican elements with contemporary media.*

Opal Palmer Adisa: In Jamaica everything is alive, including the environment. This piece explores that, using a couple of Jamaican terms that might not be familiar; 'nam' which means to eat and 'amaku' which refers to a powerful, often vengeful spirit:

Nature's Feast

the sun is
gluttonous
every jamaican day
him nyam my body
mawing away
like a possessed painter
stabbing his canvas
with bold colors
is mackerel-run-down
he think me is
salty and sugary

the sea is
insatiable
forever thirsty
every time i visit
she gulp me down
washing me in she belly
she say water
is life
and me is
sweet coconut-water
sprinkled with a dash
of rum

the wind is
more particular
him like to savor
him food
folding me in the curl
of him tongue
him suck and smack

and hold me in
him mouth like
a toothless man
chewing on coconut-drops

father time is
relentless
patient as the moon
him is a connoisseur
sampling grouping
selecting utensils
adding condiments
but sometimes
father time
is a maku man
that does hide

and devour
him catch raw
oysters swimming
in vinegar and pepper

Family Food

i am
rapacious
will not share
what i love
ingest every morsel
skin blood
issues bones

my cannibalism
isn't a source of shame
i take my children
in my arms
starting with their faces
my tongue massages their
skin
familiarizing myself
with the details of their per-
sonalities

i lick their bodies
apprising them of my devo-
tion

my tongue tastes
my children
i suck on them
savoring the texture
of their soul
acquainting them
with who i am
and how far i will go
to see them through

my children know
the tastes and foods i love
are buried deep within their
skins

they giggle
as i nibble on them

World War. This is really about her growing up as a child of an immigrant.

She begins the essay this way:

"Not until you have tasted the rice of strangers will you appreciate your home or your par-
ents, my Japanese mother used to tell us. We paid scant attention to her oft repeated sayings. Being
an Oriental, she had a proverb for each admonition." (This was at a time when the term Oriental had-
n't yet come into disfavor.) She goes on to tell of the death of her father, of her mother taking her
back to Japan for a year, not being terribly happy in Japan because she missed the United States, then
being forced into an arranged marriage in Tokyo, coming back to the United States, rebelling against
that arranged marriage, and then being put into an American family where she worked as what was
called a "school girl" at the time. Essentially that means a domestic worker. And it was in this fami-
ly that she said, "Here I first tasted strangers' rice, I do not say that it was heavenly, for as I partook
of each spoonful of food, I hungered for my family."

This piece of mine speaks to food as medicine:

Okayu

When I was ill
during wintertime
my mother would cook
a large bowl of okayu

soft rice gruel
dotted with a few umeboshi staining
the whiteness red
blossoms of blood on snow

The steaming okayu was bland but good
but the umeboshi was sour
terribly sour in
its dark redness

my tongue tingling
& eyes squeezing shut against
its sharp taste

I spit out the plum pit
Goddamn, that was sour

Okayu,
our chicken soup.
our yuk

Richard Oyama: I will read four pieces, only one of which is mine. They address the rela-
tionships among food and feeling and culture and memory. As I was looking through my stuff, I came
across a piece by my mother I'd forgotten about. She was a second generation Japanese American—a
Nisei. It's called "Strangers' Rice," an essay that was published in *Common Ground* in the summer
of 1942. It speaks, I think, very much to the theme of the conference, the relationship of intimacy and
distance. She wrote this at the time that she was initially interned in Santa Anita Assembly Center before
being relocated to Arkansas. All Japanese Americans were interned in internment camps in the Second

Juk is a kind of Chinese rice porridge, and it has a consistency like *okayu*. I grew up eating
Japanese food, my father owned a Japanese food store, it was what we had all the time. I think I'm par-
ticularly sensitive to the issues of appropriation and misappropriation of ethnic foods. They are, what I
would call, crimes against the palate. So that things like what José was mentioning, like that hybrid
enchilada/burrito, is a crime against the palate. Things like kiwi sushi or tofu burgers are just abso-
lutely unimaginable and would have been unimaginable to any of my grandparents

This is by a poet of Indonesian Chinese descent, Li-Yung Lee:

Eating Alone

I've pulled the last of the year's onions.
The garden is bare now. The ground is cold,
brown and old. What is left of the day flames
in the maples at the corner of my
eye, I turn, a cardinal vanishes.
By the cellar door, I wash the onions,
then drink from the icy metal spigot.

Once, years back, I walked beside my father
among the windfall pears. I can't recall
our words. We may have strolled in silence. But
I still see him bend that way — left hand braced

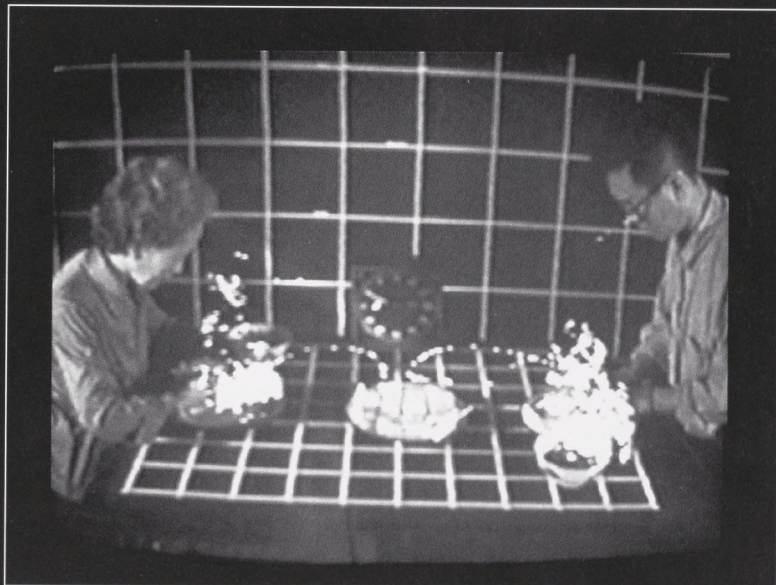
on knee, creaky — to lift and hold to my
eye a rotten pear. In it, a hornet
spun crazily, glazed in snow, glistening; juice.

It was my father I saw this morning
waving to me from the trees. I almost
called to him, until I came close enough
to see the shovel, leaning where I had
left it, in the flickering, deep green shade.

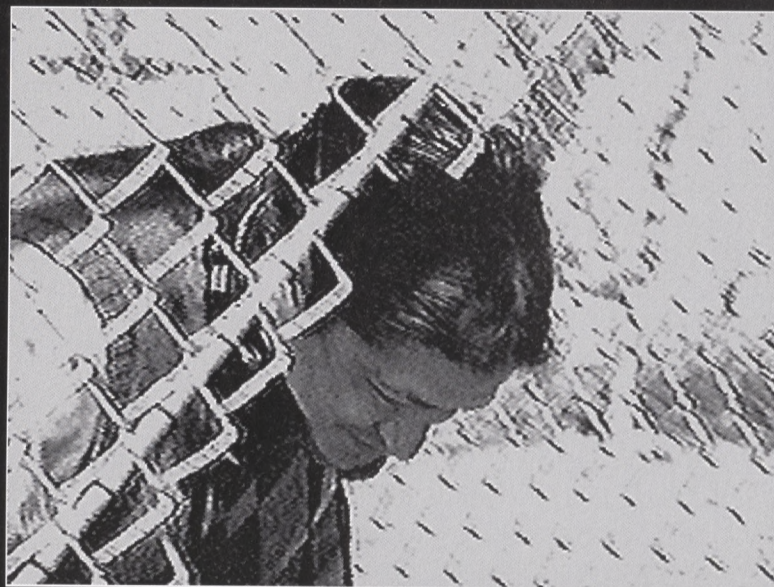
White rice steaming, almost done. Sweet green peas
fried in onions. Shrimp braised in sesame
oil and garlic. And my own loneliness.
What more could I, a young man, want.

Victor Mario Zaballa: Four years ago, I was walking into this flower shop, and I was trying to buy flowers and the guy wouldn't help me, he was just doing something else. So I start to say things in the language I spoke when I was a child, which was Nahuatl, and I said in it like "What an asshole," and the guy answered me back, and he said, "I am not," and I said, "What?!" So I cursed him again, but I ran out of words. His knowledge of the language was much better than mine. We started to talk, where we came from and everything. He ended up being a cousin of my grandmother. And he never learned Spanish. His family moved all the way to El Paso and from El Paso all the way to California. I couldn't believe it, I find a relative right here. That was really nice to me because for many years like a part of my life was lost. I learned many things about family.

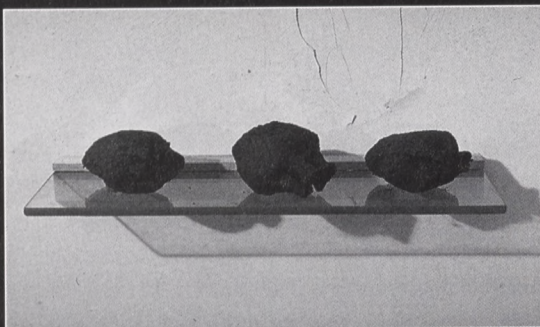
When I came to the States, I was surprised to find that all Mexicans were equal here: guys with green eyes have the same hard time finding a job as someone with brown eyes. Where I come from in Mexico, it wasn't like that. The kids used to call me nicknames like "the Chinese" or "the Indian." My sister's school books were thrown in the toilet. I was resentful for many years and it took me a long time to understand that we



Anatomy of a Springroll, Video by Arnold Iger and Paul Kwan



Victor Mario Zaballa

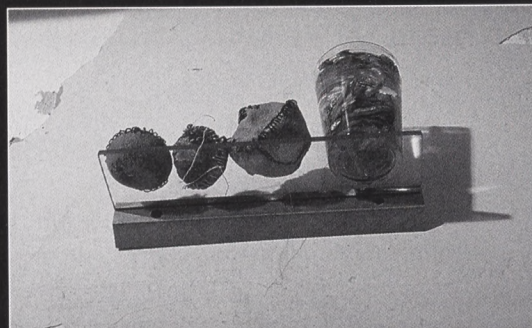


Installation in progress, Open House

The work is about an uncertain type of confusion. A confusion of time — memories both old and those about to occur — and the resultant desire to order these memories under some type of myopic classification/model. And hopefully a certain type of playfulness of materials

and symbolic interpretation results—even if this playfulness involves the macabre.

The hearts of potato and graphite represent a desire to see the grotesque along with the beautiful, and take pleasure in both. To create a type of visual and metaphori-

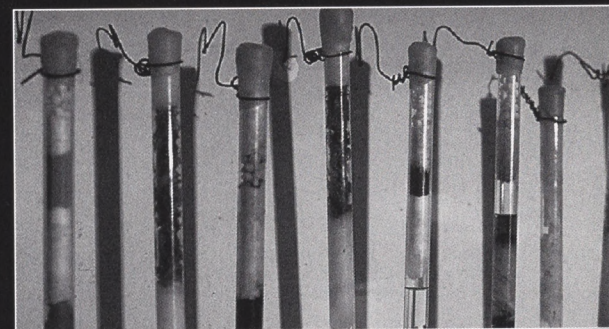


cal relationship both through the symbolic nature of the hearts and the temporality of the materials involved. They were eventually consumed by small burrowing animals, and their fate could be no less appropriate. The vials are also temporal in that each contains its own enclosed artifi-

cial micro-environment, an environment doomed by its own containment. By their separation and containment they are protected in a way from anything unpredictable, they enjoy for a time a certain type of visual pleasure yet there is always present a certain type of

repellent interest in their demise. Each of the objects has a time frame that travels from a certain type of esoteric beauty to that of its eventual demise into a world of fetid decay.

Daniel Adams
Artist-in-Residence
North Carolina



were different. I grew up very close with my Grandma. She wasn't very fluent in Spanish, and when all the kids were eating tortas at lunch time, my grandmother wouldn't make me a torta. She would put some *guisado* in one of these Nescafé jars and some tortillas. To me sometimes it would be really embarrassing to eat it.

I loved what she made for me, but that made everybody push me down, because she never included a fork and a spoon. We used tortillas instead of forks for some kinds of dishes at home. I thought I had good manners, because in Mexico you learn to use utensils and how to eat with tortillas and not spill anything on your clothing. You eat everything. If you do that you have really good manners. Another thing, you bring your plate to your mouth, you don't eat right from the table because we didn't have a table in the kitchen, you know. The reason is, the table is used for different things.

It was very common to grow up with your grandparents, because the best schools were in the city, so they'd send you to live with your grandparents. When we had Day of the Dead altars, my grandmother would have a can of sardines. That was the cheapest food, and if you brought a sardine torta, everybody was like "Ugh!" But when my grandmother was a kid, that was one of the fanciest canned foods in Mexico. And my grandfather liked it, and for him it was a real treat, sixty years ago. My grandmother taught me songs, I never went to school to study music and yet when I play, many people ask me "Is this Aztec music?" No. "It's traditional music?" Yes, but I can't say *es Aztec*. I would hear the

women humming and chattering while they sat around the house and ground corn for tamales, cut cardboard for crafts. I would memorize the songs. I started to play them on the flute. I want to play you one of these songs; I don't know where my grandmother got them, but I remember many of them.

My family made crafts. All my great-aunts were widows because of the revolution, so they had to do something to feed two or three kids. They did art for that reason. When I came here, and people asked me what my family did: "Well, they were artisans." "Where did they go to art school?" "They didn't go to art school. They had to feed children." Since today is Day of the Dead, I really want to give a bite, in the proper manner my grandmother taught me. So, to your health, *buen provecho*. And since it is the nineties, and one of the last of the Days of the Dead, I want to send a fax to my ancestors and to your ancestors. So this will be a multicultural flute playing. In Mexico my teachers used to ask me, "Who is your hero?" And I would always say, grandfather and grandmother, because to me they were the greatest people ever in the world. It is interesting because I feel that I am a man and I feel that a lot of what I learned was from my grandmother. Yes, I have a female role model and I admit it.

JAB: Despite Proposition 187, this day would never happen in any other country. We have the diversity, the wealth, the richness. My father was a caretaker in a Jewish synagogue, so I grew up with Mexican and Jewish food. There's nothing I like better than matzos and bagels with refried beans.

Sausalito Literacy Project

Poet/Teacher: devorah major

Naturalist: Dede Sabaag

Project Director: Kathy Evans

Year after year a select number of students from Bayside Elementary School participate in the Sausalito Literacy Project, sponsored by Headlands Center for the Arts. They, along with a gifted poet and naturalist, talk to seals, write odes to the ocean, hike along the precipices above the Pacific, visit tide pools and museums, and wander in and out of the sand, as well as their own imaginations. They are introduced to the extraordinary beauty and drama of sky and water, to words and myths, to a new vocabulary of vegetation and animals. It is our hope that out of that experience, more hands-on and intimate than mere book study, emerges a deeper understanding and respect for the natural environment, an ability to respond to it in words, and a better sense of their place as humans in the scheme of things. We thank the fourth grade students and teachers of Bayside Elementary for their words on these pages. Between the hectic schedules, the classroom busy work, the museum bus ride to Oakland and back, the overnight at Headlands, with its campfire S'mores, dorm duties, ghost stories, hikes, hikes, and more hikes, something was truly learned.

The East challenging things
did today was to stay steady
because the wind may blow me
over. The most exciting thing
I did today was to climb a
hill.

Ryan Dorman

DREAM TALK

I dreamed once
a big dog was chasing me.
I slammed the door in its face.
Then I was a cat.
(My cat was eaten by a coyote
in a big field.)

MICHELLE

I remember dreaming about
a bald man
with a top hat,
green sunglasses
and a trench coat
standing by a big house.
He had a black and white dog.
The dog was tied to a chair.
The man was a strange man.
There was another man
trying to rob a bank on the 50th story.

MICHAEL

Michael
Age: 11

Eight monsters tried to get me in my sleep.
"Stop."
They put me in the deepest garage bin
fell through garbage.

SHANA
Shana

TIFFINI S.

I had a dream we were all sitting by the fire
We fell into the fire.
Someone threw water on us.

TIFFANI

age 10 Tiffany Smith

I had a dream
that my mother and grandmother
died in a car accident.
And the next day my friend, Vicki, died in one.

ELISE

Last night
I just started to dream
when my eyes opened
I was falling
down a cliff.

I fell into the water
under a stream.
It was an underwater cave.
Hornets were stinging me.

RYAN

Ryan

My dream was that all the dead people woke up
and were human again.
We all had eighteen lives.
The oceans covered us.
The ocean is our house.
If we're too hot
we will melt.
In the dream all the living people
had to die,
so the dead and living
could rotate.

Elony

I was lying on my back, nothing but
There were 200 little squares
It was like one

TYRONE

In my dream I see into the future.
Something happens
in the future
but I'm not there.

NOAH

Noah age: 10

I dream of skeletons

JESSICA
Jessica
Elkinson age 10

A F F I L I A T E S

1994 AFFILIATES Mark Bartlett Thomas Berson Holly Blake

Krystyna Bobrowski Fritzie Brown Karen Clark Susanne

Cockrell Angela Dufresne Harrell Fletcher Matthew Fukuda

Nöle Giuliani Dan Gottsegen Tanya Hastings Taraneh Hemami

Colleen Hennessey Susan Howard Brenda Hutchinson Natalie

Jeremijenko Peter Laufer Yoram Levin Ann Lewis Bernie

Lubell Billie Lynn Dean MacCannell Juliet Flower MacCannell

Judy Neilson Jann Nunn Dennis Potter Keith Potter Christiane

Schwahlen Susan H. Sibbet Lynn Tomaszewski Landa

Townsend Josefa Vaughan John Wilson White Gail Wight

Headlands Center for the Arts offers Bay Area artists, arts professionals and scholars subsidized rental studio space at the Center's facilities at Fort Cronkhite in the Marin Headlands for up to three years. Three times a year Headlands' resident and affiliate artists open their studio doors to the general public to show works-in-progress. Open Houses give visitors unique opportunities to experience the breadth of artistic disciplines including visual arts, performing arts, film/video, interdisciplinary work and more.



Headlands Center for the Arts is a laboratory for creativity, providing artists, scholars and community leaders a place to experiment, collaborate and develop work in a diverse community of thinkers. When you become a member of Headlands, you are supporting an organization that nurtures the creative process at its most fundamental stages. Membership helps to ensure the vitality of the Center as a place for creative thinking and for bringing the artist's voice to the complex issues facing us today.

Headlands Center for the Arts offers over thirty residencies each year, providing artists with time for open-ended research and the development of new work. The Center's mission is to investigate the interdependence between human and natural systems across cultures and professional disciplines. The Center presents readings, talks, performances and symposia every year that are chronicled in this annually published Headlands Journal.

The Center is located in the Marin Headlands, 13,000 acres of coastal hills that were used for military installations since the early 1800s. The U.S. Army withdrew from the Headlands in 1972 and turned the land and several hundred structures that comprised three historic forts over to the National Park Service. The Park Service, in turn, invited a number of non-profit organizations to assist them in restoring architecturally significant buildings and in developing interpretive programs for the general public. Headlands Center for the Arts was formed as an independent nonprofit organization in 1982 and has since then operated as a partner with the

Golden Gate National Recreation Area in Forts Barry and Cronkhite.

Changes in the funding environment have resulted in fewer resources for individual artists. Thus, the programs and services provided by Headlands Center for the Arts have increased in significance. The important work of the Center has not gone unnoticed; the National Endowment for the Arts has recognized Headlands as the best program of its kind in the country. By serving as a unique resource for artists from the United States and around the world, the Center enriches us all as individuals and as a community.

We need your support in order to maintain this unique organization and all of its fine programs. We rely on annual contributions from individuals in the community who care deeply about the arts and the important role the arts play in our society. A gift of any size is welcome and supports the artists who live and work here, the speakers and performers at our public programs, our public school literacy project and our Open Houses.

Members receive a range of benefits such as a subscription to the Center's newsletter and bimonthly Calendar, free admission to lectures and performances, discounts on workshops and publications, and invitations to Members Only receptions and events. Members at the Colleague level and above receive a copy of *Headlands Journal*.

For more information on the benefits of membership, please telephone 415-331-2787, or simply fill out and return the attached form to us with your contribution.

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Page 14: Joseph Marshall. Keba Konte.

Page 15: Tanure Ojaide. Wade Bruton.

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Page 20: Installation/Cynthia Porter. John Wilson White.

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(right): Model. Walter Hood.

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Page 39: Installation/Valerie Soe. John Wilson White.

Page 41: Elders. Victor Mario Zaballa.

Page 42: Installation/Clara (Kitty) Couch. John Wilson White.

Page 44: Puente de la Paz. Marvin Collins.

Page 45: Installation/Gilda Edwards. John Wilson White

Page 46 (top): Performance/Sara Felder. John Wilson White.

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Page 56: Bus Tour Group. Victor Mario Zaballa.

Page 57: 1994 Artists-in-Residence. Marcia Leiberman

Page 58: Walking the Same Steps. Victor Mario Zaballa.

Pages 59-63: Performance/Roland Johnson. Victoria Heilweil.

Page 64: Performance/Chico MacMurtrie. John Wilson White.

Page 65: Anne-Lise Berntsen. Anne K. Senstad.

Page 69 (left): The Garden Project Mural. Beverly Ayotte.

(right): The Mess Hall. Stephanie Rausser.

Page 70: Cronkhite Beach. Ed Myers.

Page 72 (left): Video. Arnold Iger, Paul Kwan.

(right): Victor Mario Zaballa. Jason MacCannell.

Page 76: Cronkhite Beach Affiliate Studios. John Wilson White.

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